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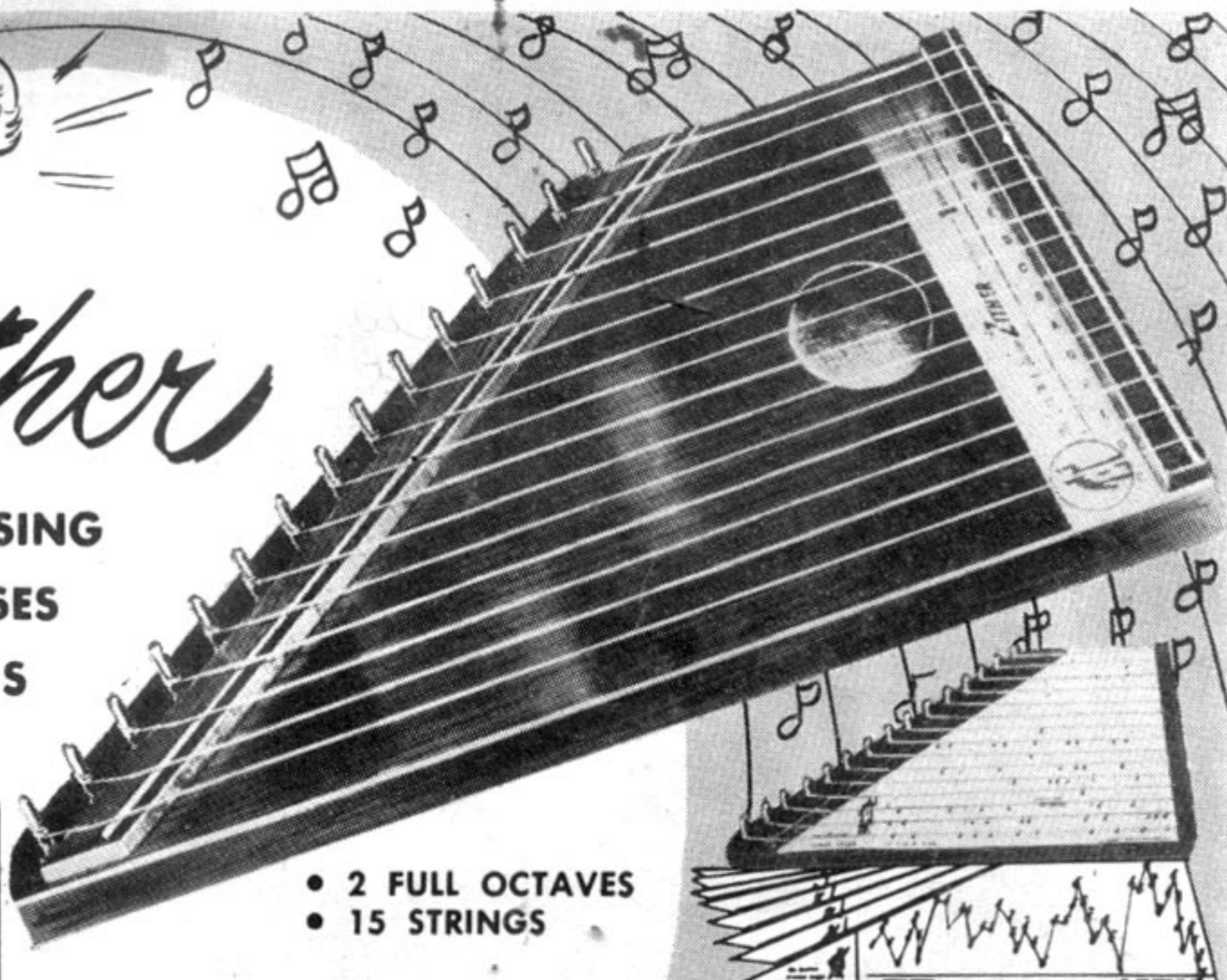
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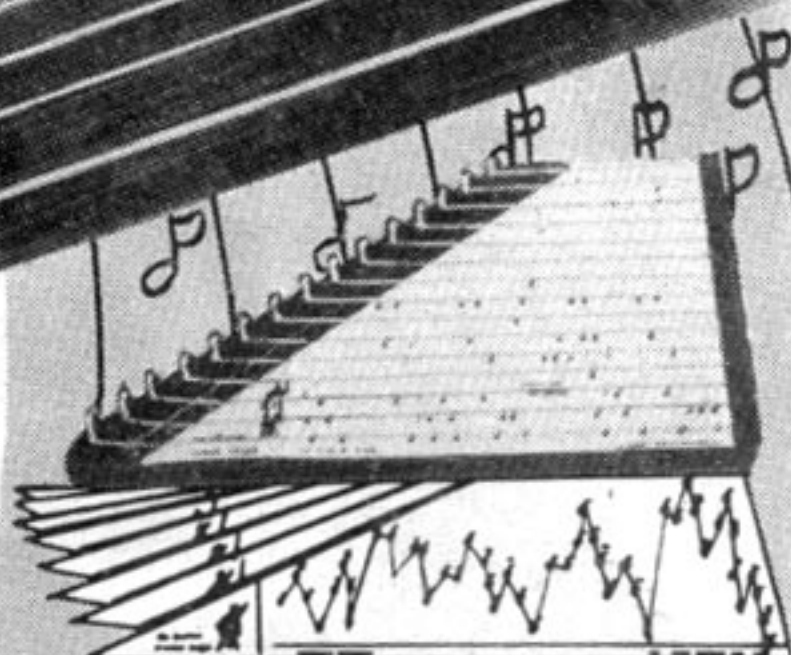


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- 15 STRINGS

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...without knowing a note

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popular song
instantly!*



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DANNY DANGER



"WHEN A PRIVATE EYE HAS TO CATCH A TRAIN, HE'S GOING SOMEWHERE! NOT UNUSUAL, YOU SAY? BUT WHEN I HAD TO CATCH ONE, IT WAS BECAUSE THE TRAIN WAS STOLEN--- WITH A \$300,000 FORTUNE IN SILVER BULLION ABOARD! YOU KNOW ME, FOLKS--DANNY DANGER--AND WHEN I SAY THIS WAS MY MOST PERILOUS CASE--WELL, GET SET FOR ACTION!"

"IT WAS A DAME WHO SNARED ME INTO IT ALL..."

SO--TWO VISITORS WAITING FOR ME, EH? YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, INSPECTOR GRAVEL--SHE'S PRETTIER THAN YOU ARE!



WORLD
DETEC

LISTEN, DANGER, I'M HERE ON OFFICIAL POLICE DEPARTMENT BUSINESS--- THERE'S SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT!

IF YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE STYMIED ON A CASE, I'M BUSY!--COME INTO MY INNER OFFICE, BEAUTIFUL-- AND TELL ME WHAT GIVES WITH YOU!





"I'M A FAN OF YOURS, MR. DANGER! I'VE BEEN THRILLED BY ALL YOUR EXPLOITS I READ ABOUT IN THE PAPERS ---AND I...I GUESS I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE PICTURES OF YOU THEY PRINTED! ANYWAY, I ORGANIZED A **DANNY DANGER FAN CLUB** AT MY SCHOOL, ALPHA UNIVERSITY ---AND I GOT PERMISSION TO ASK YOU TO ADDRESS MY CLASS IN LOGIC NEXT WEEK ON THE TOPIC, "LOGIC IN CRIME DETECTION"! WON'T YOU PLEASE COME?"

I DON'T KNOW BEANS ABOUT LOGIC... BUT HOW CAN I SAY NO?



BUT WHY WAIT TILL NEXT WEEK? A GUY IN MY RACKET ALWAYS LIVES IN THE PRESENT---BECAUSE TOMORROW HE MAY BE VERY DEAD! SO HOW'S ABOUT RUNNING UP TO DEAR OLD ALPHA TODAY?

OH, WONDERFUL! WE COULD DRIVE UP THERE IN ABOUT TWO HOURS---AND GET THERE IN TIME FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S LOGIC CLASS!



WAIT UP--- I TELL YOU THIS IS IMPORTANT, DANGER---

PROFESSOR DANGER TO YOU, FLATFOOT! NOTHING CAN BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN HIGHER EDUCATION--- SOMETHING THAT YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT! SO WHAT- EVER YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR SO-CALLED MIND CAN WAIT TILL I GET BACK!



"IT WASN'T EASY TO KEEP MY MIND ON DRIVING, WITH SUCH A PRETTY CHICK SITTING SO CLOSE TO ME---BUT SOMEHOW, WE MANAGED TO ARRIVE AT ALPHA U. TWO HOURS LATER..."

THE CLASS IS HELD IN BOYLAN HALL, RIGHT NEXT TO THE NEW RADIATION LABORATORY OVER THERE! BETTER PARK IN FRONT OF THAT CAR!

OKAY!



SUDDENLY-- WE'D BETTER BEAT IT--- FAST!

LOOK--- SOMEONE'S PARKED IN FRONT OF US! --HEY, PUNK ---GET THAT CAR OUT OF OUR WAY!



WHY, YOU ---WHA--- TONY FLINT!

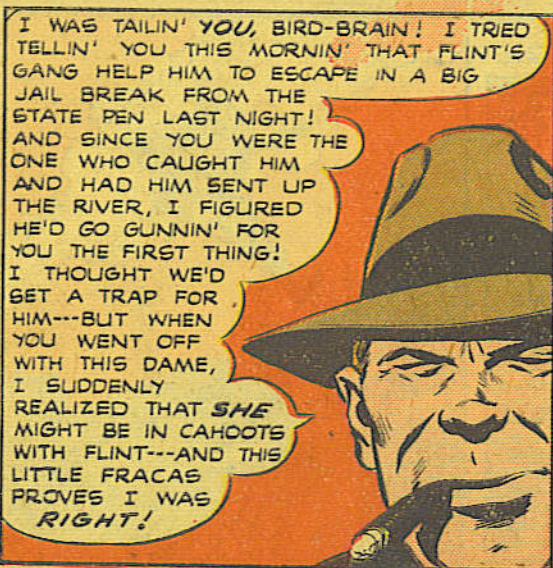
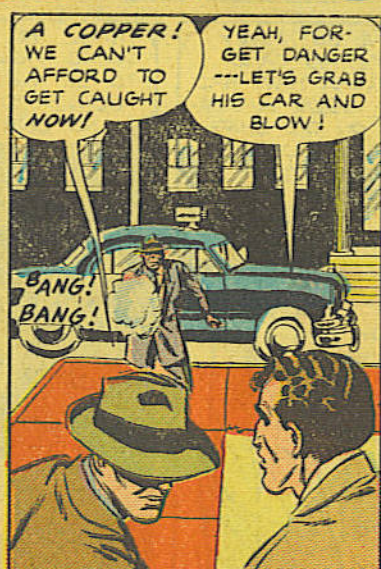
DANNY DANGER! JUST THE MAN I'VE BEEN ACHIN' TO GET FOR THREE LONG YEARS! RIDDLE HIM, BOYS!



THIS OUGHT TO MAKE YOU ACHE EVEN MORE RAT!

BANG!

SOCK!



"THAT STUMPED ME---AND I COULD ONLY WATCH HELPLESSLY AS GRAVEL LED THE POOR KID AWAY!"



NO---
LET
ME
GO!

COME ON, SISTER---
I'M GONNA GRILL YOU
AT HEADQUARTERS
TILL YOU SPILL
EVERYTHIN' YOU
KNOW ABOUT
TONY FLINT!

THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
PROVE HER
INNOCENCE---
I'LL HAVE
TO FIND
OUT WHAT
FLINT WAS
REALLY AFTER
HERE!

"FLASHING MY INVESTIGATOR'S CREDENTIALS, I CORNERED THE PROFESSOR IN CHARGE OF THE LAB AND BEGAN FIRING QUESTIONS AT HIM..."

BUT I...I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT GANGSTERS
WOULD HAVE WANTED IN THE LAB---THEY CERTAINLY COULDN'T STEAL OUR HUGE NEW CYCLOTRON! THE ONLY OTHER THING OF REAL VALUE ISN'T IN YET---A SHIPMENT OF TEN TONS OF SILVER THAT'S BEING SENT HERE BY RAIL FROM THE TREASURY, TO BE USED IN EXPERIMENTS WITH RADIOACTIVE SILVER!

WHEW---TEN
TONS OF SILVER
---THAT'S ABOUT
\$300,000 WORTH!
TELL ME---
ARE THE DE-
TAILS OF THE
SHIPPING
PLANS
HERE IN
THE LAB?



YES---THEY'RE RIGHT
HERE IN THIS OPEN
FOLDER ON MY DESK!
WE DIDN'T THINK IT
WAS NECESSARY TO
PUT THEM IN THE
SAFE, BECAUSE NO
ONE WOULD BE
MAD ENOUGH TO
TRY TO HIJACK TEN
TONS OF SILVER
IN BROAD
DAYLIGHT!

NO ONE BUT **TONY
FLINT**! HIS GANG-
MEN MUST HAVE HAD
SOME INSIDE INFOR-
MATION ON THE SHIP-
MENT, AND DECIDED
TO SPRING FLINT IN
TIME TO LET HIM
PLAN THE ROBBERY!
LET ME **SEE** THOSE
SHIPPING
PLANS!



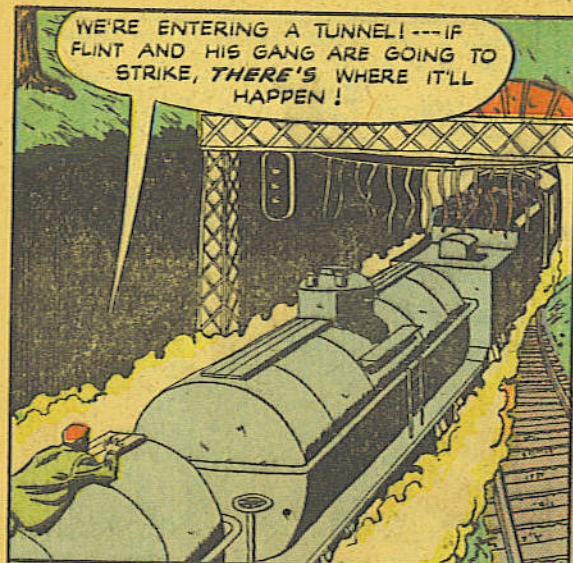
HMM, THE TREASURY AGENTS ARE CERTAINLY
TAKING PRECAUTIONS---THE TRAIN IS GOING
TO BE WELL-GUARDED! BUT THERE'S
GOING TO BE ONE **EXTRA** GUARD
NO ONE WILL KNOW ABOUT---**ME**!



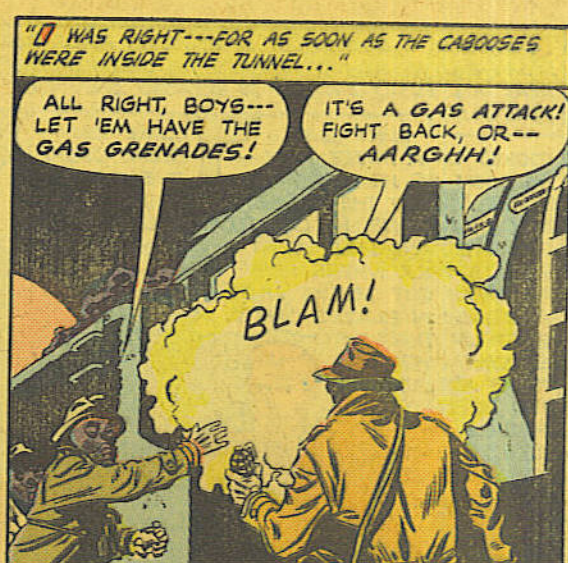
"THE SHIPPING PLANS TOLD ME ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT HOW AND WHEN THE SILVER WOULD BE ROUTED, AND THE NEXT DAY..."

THERE'S THE TRAIN CARRYING THE SILVER---I
GUESS THEY TRIED TO THROW SUSPICION OFF
THE SHIPMENT BY INCLUDING
IT IN AN ORDINARY TRAIN OF TANK-
CARS! BUT THOSE TWO CABOOSES FULL
OF GUARDS IN THE CENTER OF THE
TRAIN ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY THAT THE
SILVER IS IN THAT
SINGLE BOXCAR BETWEEN
THEM! WELL, I GUESS
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO
PLAY HOB...
GATX-11461





WE'RE ENTERING A TUNNEL!---IF FLINT AND HIS GANG ARE GOING TO STRIKE, THERE'S WHERE IT'LL HAPPEN!

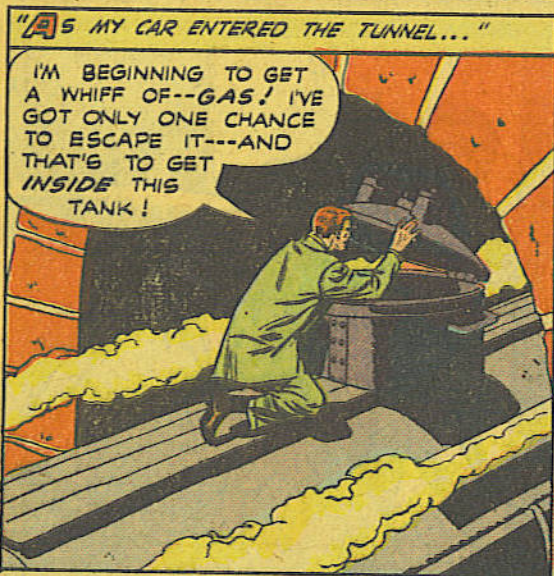


"I WAS RIGHT---FOR AS SOON AS THE CABOOSSES WERE INSIDE THE TUNNEL..."

ALL RIGHT, BOYS--- LET 'EM HAVE THE GAS GRENADES!

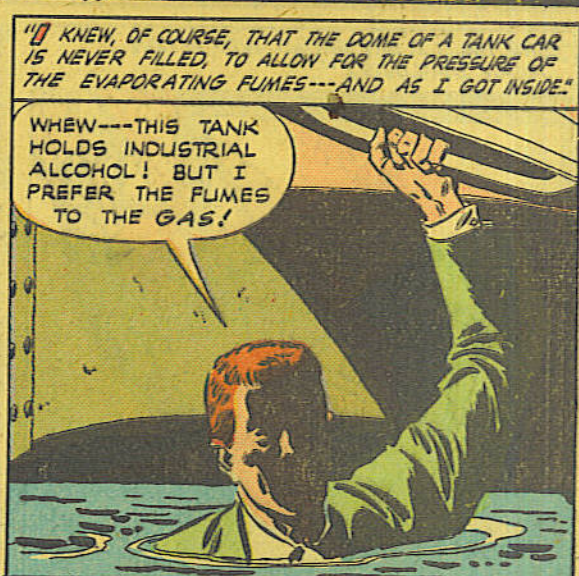
IT'S A GAS ATTACK! FIGHT BACK, OR--- AARGHH!

BLAM!



"AS MY CAR ENTERED THE TUNNEL..."

I'M BEGINNING TO GET A WHIFF OF--GAS! I'VE GOT ONLY ONE CHANCE TO ESCAPE IT---AND THAT'S TO GET INSIDE THIS TANK!



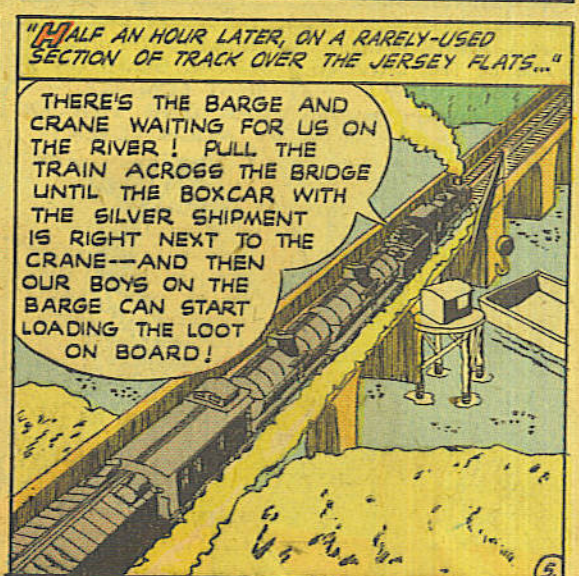
"I KNEW, OF COURSE, THAT THE DOME OF A TANK CAR IS NEVER FILLED, TO ALLOW FOR THE PRESSURE OF THE EVAPORATING FUMES---AND AS I GOT INSIDE..."

WHEW---THIS TANK HOLDS INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL! BUT I PREFER THE FUMES TO THE GAS!



THE GUARDS AND TRAINMEN ARE OUT COLD, BOSS!

OKAY---LET'S GO!



"HALF AN HOUR LATER, ON A RARELY-USED SECTION OF TRACK OVER THE JERSEY FLATS..."

THERE'S THE BARGE AND CRANE WAITING FOR US ON THE RIVER! PULL THE TRAIN ACROSS THE BRIDGE UNTIL THE BOXCAR WITH THE SILVER SHIPMENT IS RIGHT NEXT TO THE CRANE---AND THEN OUR BOYS ON THE BARGE CAN START LOADING THE LOOT ON BOARD!

"CAUTIOUSLY, I CRAWLED OUT OF MY HIDING PLACE---AND BEGAN MAKING MY WAY TOWARDS THE GANGMEN, WHO WERE ALL BUSILY ENGAGED IN BREAKING OPEN THE BOXCAR!"

FLINT SURE COOKED UP A SWEET PLOT--- AS SOON AS HE LOADS THE SILVER ABOARD THE BARGE WITH THAT CRANE, HE CAN FLOAT DOWNRIVER AND PULL UP AT A PRIVATE DOCK WHERE HE'S PROBABLY GOT TRUCKS WAITING! AND HOW IN BLAZES CAN I BUST UP THEIR SCHEME WHEN THERE ARE ABOUT TWO DOZEN GUNMEN A-ROUND? HMM---THAT CRANE!

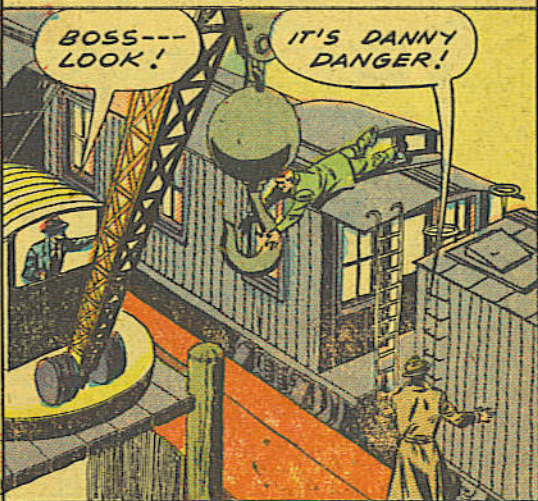
COME ON--- BLOW OPEN THE DOOR OF THAT BOX-CAR IF YOU HAVE TO!



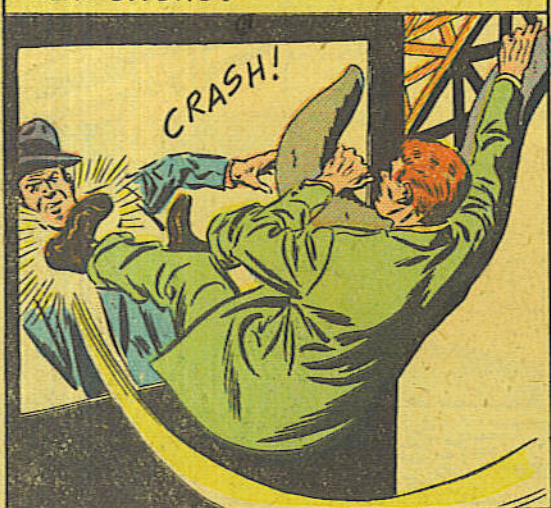
"WHEN I GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE CRANE, I SWUNG INTO ACTION!"

BOSS--- LOOK!

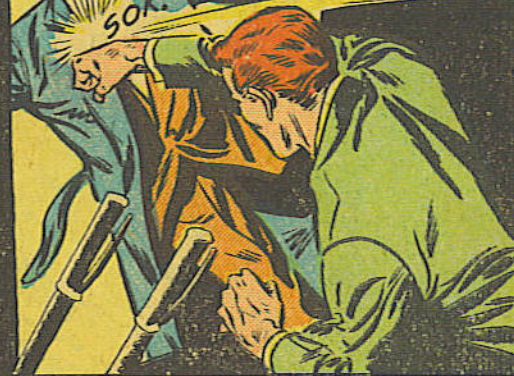
IT'S DANNY DANGER!



"AND WHEN I SAY SWUNG INTO ACTION, I MEAN SWUNG!"

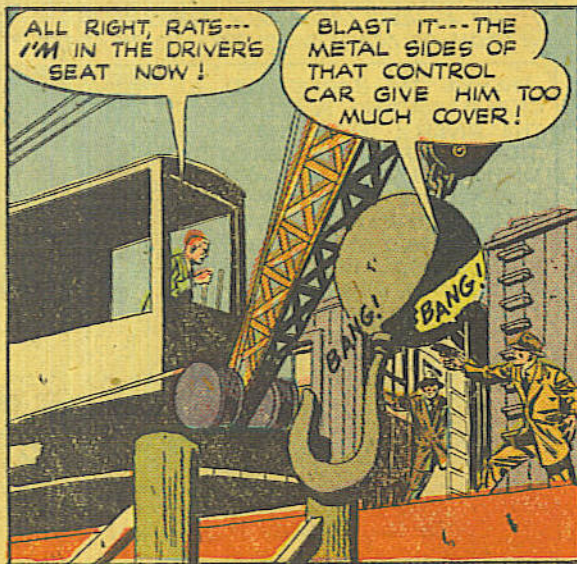


YAAGHH!
SOK!



ALL RIGHT, RATE--- I'M IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT NOW!

BLAST IT---THE METAL SIDES OF THAT CONTROL CAR GIVE HIM TOO MUCH COVER!



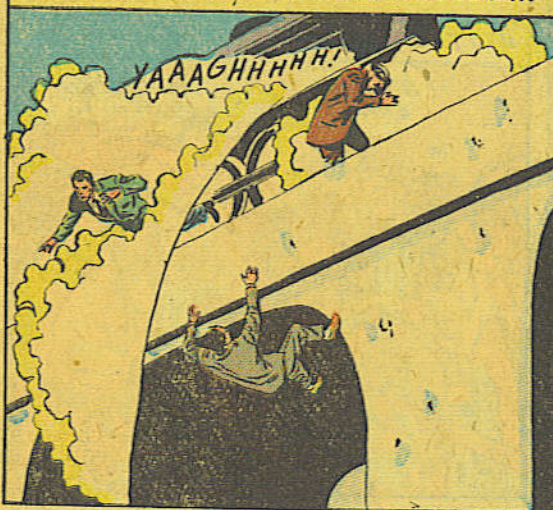


"I PLAYED THE GANGMEN RIGHT AND LEFT WITH THAT HOOK, SWEEPING MOST OF THEM INTO THE RIVER---BUT I COULDN'T GET ALL OF THEM, OF COURSE!"

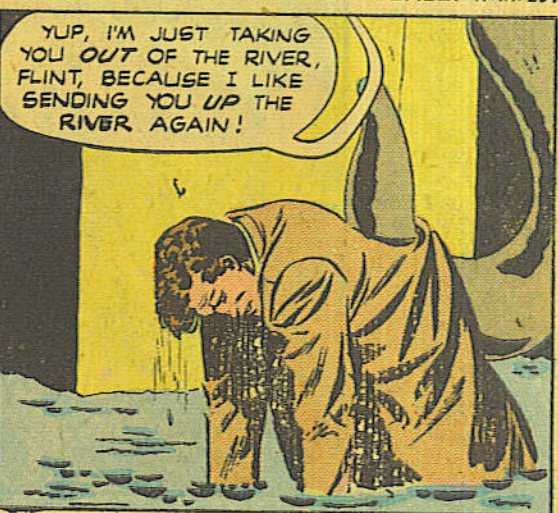
YOU WON'T GET FAR AWAY, BOY---AND AS SOON AS I PUT A COUPLE OF SHOTS INTO THAT LOCOMOTIVE BOILER, YOU'LL WISH YOU'D GOTTEN THE HOOK INSTEAD!



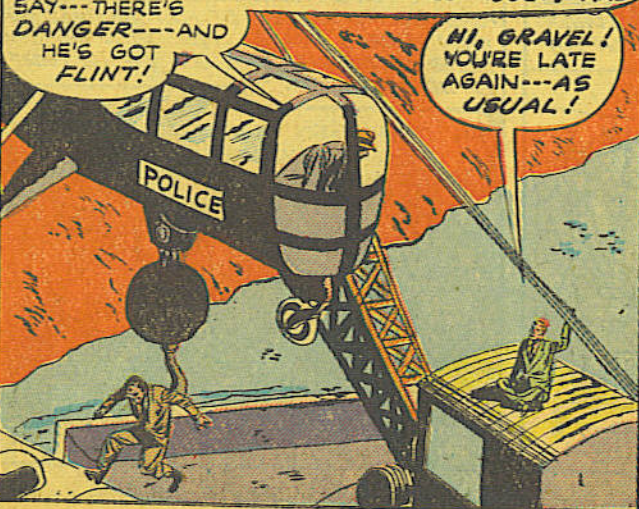
"AS THE STEAM AND BOILING WATER BURST OUT OF THE BOILER UNDER TERRIFIC PRESSURE..."



"I COULDN'T FISH ALL THE MOBSTERS OUT OF THE RIVER, BUT THERE WAS ONE I REALLY WANTED!"



"LATER..." THERE'S THE MISSING TRAIN WE GOT THAT EMERGENCY CALL ABOUT! AND SAY---THERE'S DANGER---AND HE'S GOT FLINT!



"OF COURSE, I COULDN'T HELP RUBBING MY TRIUMPH IN BY MAKING GRAVEL COME TO MY LECTURE ON LOGIC AT ALPHA U.---AND AFTERWARDS..."

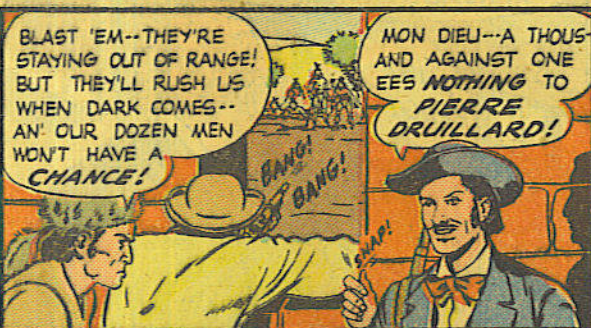
WELL, HE'S GIVEN ME A LESSON IN LOGIC, ALL RIGHT---BUT SOMEHOW, I THINK THOSE GIRLS ARE INTERESTED IN SOMETHING MORE THAN HIS LOGICAL MIND!



DANNY DANGER IN ANOTHER SLAMBANG, ACTION-CRAMMED CASE---IN OUR NEXT ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT! THE END...

ONE against ODDS

OF ALL THE ONE-MAN-ARMIES OF HISTORY, NONE FOUGHT MORE GALLANTLY AGAINST ODDS THAN DID PIERRE DRUILLARD ON THAT DAY LATE IN 1810 WHEN FORT MANUEL, AT THE MOUTH OF THE PLATTE, WAS SURROUNDED BY A THOUSAND HOWLING BLACKFEET INDIANS...



I KNOW THE BLACKFOOT LANGUAGE AS WELL AS ZE CHIEF HIMSELF--AND I'LL WEEL RUSH ZEM WHEN DARK COMES, BEFORE ZEY CAN ATTACK! IN ZE DARK, IT WEEL BE VER-REE EASY TO KEEL MANY OF ZEM--AND ZEY MAY KEEL EACH OZZER TRYING FOR ME! ZEY WEEL THINK ALL OF US HAVE ATTACKED--BUT MEANWHILE, ZE REST OF YOU WEEL BE ABLE TO ESCAPE!



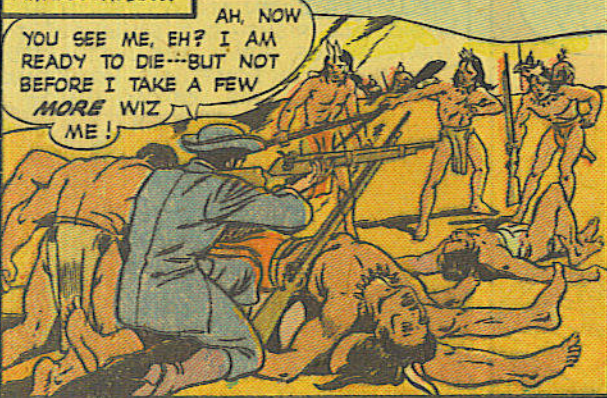
THE OTHER DEFENDERS OF FORT MANUEL TRIED TO TALK THE BOLD FRENCHMAN OUT OF HIS WILD PLAN--BUT WHEN DARK CAME, PIERRE GRINNINGLY STOLE OUT OF THE FORT AND CAME UPON THE VANGUARD OF THE INDIANS, WHO WERE GETTING READY FOR THE ATTACK!



SHOUTING THAT THE PALEFACES WERE ATTACKING, PIERRE THREW THE INDIANS INTO A PANIC--AND IN THE CONFUSION AND TURMOIL, HE PLUNGED RIGHT INTO THEIR MIDST, KILLING AS HE WENT!



ALL THAT DARK, MOONLESS NIGHT, PIERRE KEPT UP THE SAVAGE SLAUGHTER, FIRING FALLEN INDIAN RIFLES WHEN HIS OWN PISTOLS BECAME TOO HOT--AND THE TERRIFIED INDIANS ADDED TO THE CARNAGE BY SHOOTING WILDLY AT EACH OTHER IN A MAD ATTEMPT TO KILL THEIR ENEMY! BUT WHEN THE SUN FINALLY ROSE...



PIERRE DIED--BUT APPALLED AT THEIR ENORMOUS LOSSES, THE BLACKFEET LOST ALL THEIR APPETITE FOR BATTLE AND WITHDREW WITHOUT PURSUING THE MEMBERS OF FORT MANUEL! AND WHEN PIERRE'S FRIENDS RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE THE NEXT DAY AND COUNTED THE DEAD BODIES...



PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!



CUTAWAY VIEW OF
WHEAT KERNEL

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IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

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PYTHON PERIL

THE TWO MOST exciting events of the year in Clarksville occurred almost at the same time. First, there was the midnight jail break from the State Penitentiary outside of town---and second, there was the escape of a 30-foot-long reticulated python from its cage on the circus train, which was on a siding at the opposite end of town.

But despite the fact that Steve Preston, the circus owner, warned the sheriff that *Pythoninae Reticulatus* was the king of all the constrictors, and that it could swallow a 200-lb. deer or man with equal ease, the law enforcement officers said they were too busy trying to catch Killer McCall, the lifer who had escaped that night, to bother with any old snake. And what was more, they even refused to give Steve a gun to go hunt the python, saying that they needed all the guns they had for the posse that was to start searching for McCall.

And when all the other circus hands refused to go out barehanded in the hunt for the huge Malayan python, Steve reluctantly started out by himself at dawn. Knowing that the python preferred the neighborhood of water, in which it could lie and soak itself, Steve first made inquiries around town and learned that the nearest body of water was Bottomland Swamp, just about half a mile away from the train siding.

"Bottomland Swamp," Steve told himself grimly, "here I come!"

At the edge of the swamp, Steve stopped off at a small farmhouse and told the farmer to keep his children in-doors all day, asking him to call up all the other houses in the neighborhood and repeat the warning. Then---Steve plunged into the swamp himself, expecting the huge, strangulating coils of the python to drop on him from every tree he passed.

Pausing to listen at every sound of rust-

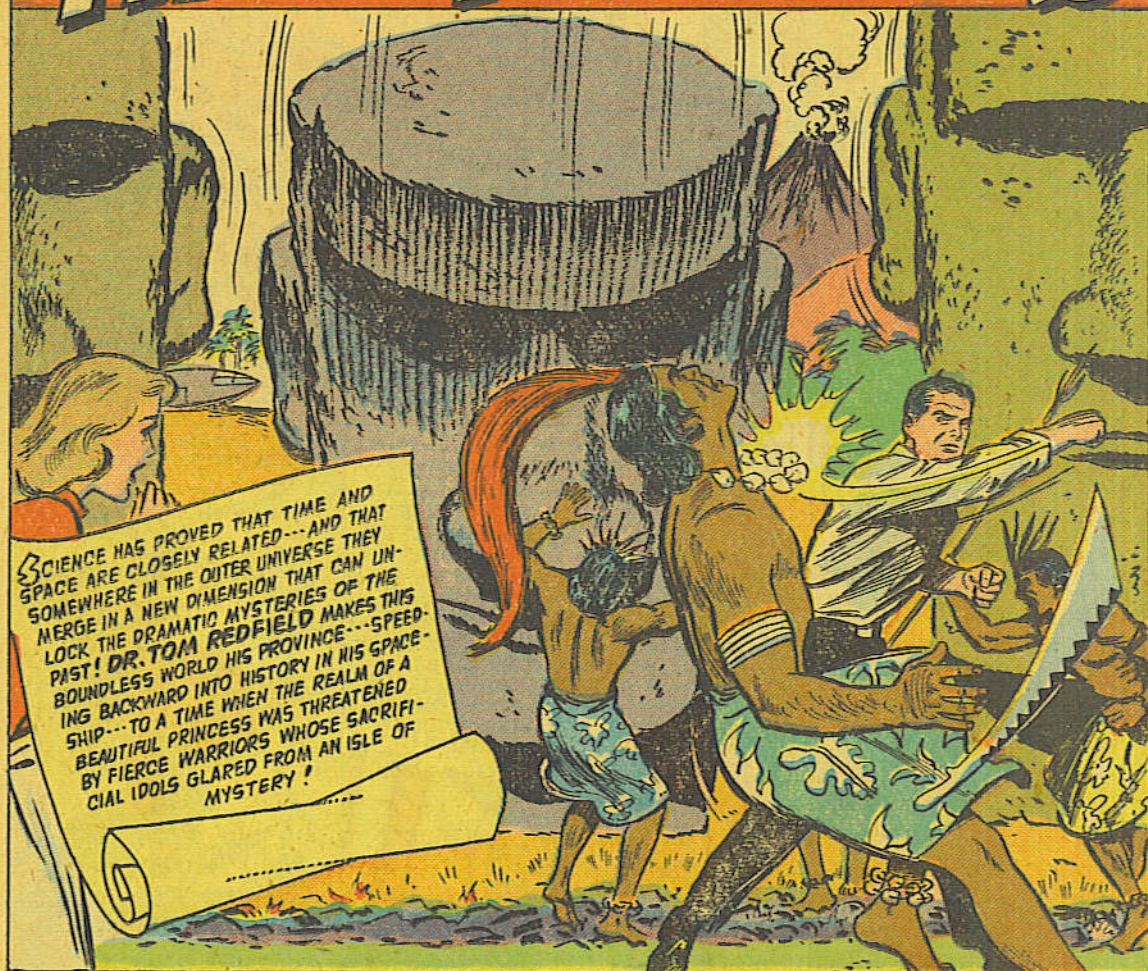
ling in the swampy underbrush, Steve couldn't keep his mind off the fact that the python must be terrifically hungry. Most pythons refuse to eat in their first few months of captivity, he knew---and this one hadn't been any exception. It had taken a month for the shipment from Malaya, and the python hadn't eaten in the three weeks since Steve had picked it up at Frisco---which would make it a mighty hungry reptile indeed.

Of course, if the monster had devoured a wild pig or two in the swamp, it would be torpid enough to capture---because pythons lie quietly in water for a week after feeding. But if it still hadn't fed, then Steve knew he would be in for a rough time. He couldn't hope to battle the gigantic reptile---he'd be helpless against those monstrous, rippling coils that could crush a man into the shape of a sausage before swallowing him whole.

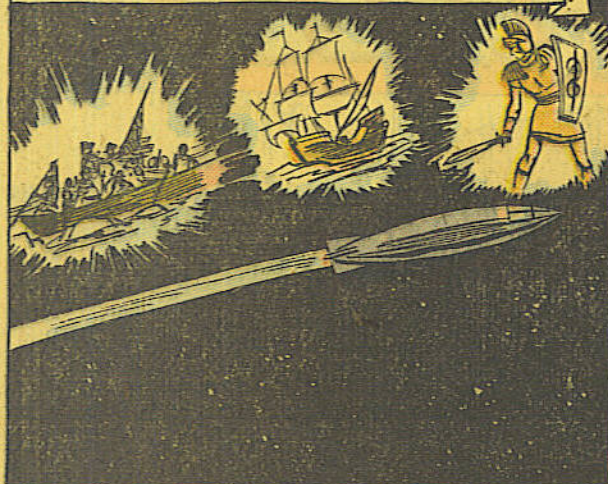
His only chance was to spot it before it got him, and then to lure it out of the swamp onto the high ground near the farmhouses, where he could call on the farmers to come out with their shotguns and rifles. It would be a perilous operation at best, because hungry pythons could move quite swiftly in shallow water---and if he slipped and lost his footing while luring the python out, he'd be a goner.

Suddenly, Steve froze in his tracks---for there, not ten yards ahead of him, was the monstrous tail of the python, half submerged in water. Slowly, heart pounding, Steve crept slowly around the swamp-bush that hid the head of the python from his view---and then gasped as he rounded the bush. The python had fed all right, for it was lying torpidly in the water, its huge body still distended with the shape of the creature it had fed on. But what had really made Steve gasp was the striped convict's hat that floated lazily in the water next to the sleeping python's head.

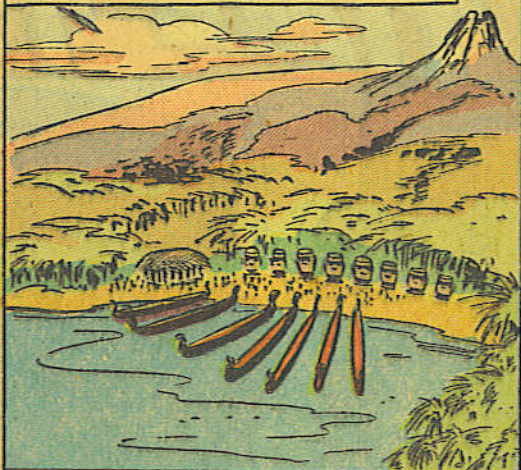
The TIME TRAVELERS



SOON AFTERWARD...THE SPACESHIP HURTTLES TOWARD THE PAST THROUGH THE BLACK OUTER REACHES OF THE UNIVERSE!



EASTER ISLAND...SUPPOSEDLY UNINHABITED...OVER TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM THE NEAREST MAINLAND! BUT AS THE SPACESHIP STREAKS DOWN...



THERE ARE THE STONE HEADS, TOM...BUT THOSE NATIVES LOOK LIKE **WARRIORS!**

YEP...AND IT'S A SURE SIGN THAT SOMETHING'S UP! THE ISLAND ISN'T LARGE ENOUGH TO SUPPORT A HORDE LIKE **THAT**...THEY'VE COME FROM SOMEWHERE **ELSE!**



MINUTES LATER...WITH THE SPACESHIP HIDDEN BY A THICK GROVE OF PALMS...

DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO SNOOP AROUND, TOM? SUPPOSE WE'RE OVERWHELMED BEFORE WE CAN GET BACK TO THE SPACESHIP?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT CHANCE, PEGGY! BUT WITH THIS ELECTRONIC CONTROL, I CAN GET THE TURBO-JETS STARTED FROM A DISTANCE...SO THAT IF WE **ARE** FORCED TO RUSH BACK TO THE SPACESHIP, IT'LL BE READY TO TAKE OFF THE INSTANT WE'RE INSIDE!



SUDDENLY...



OH!

JUST A SCOUTING PARTY...DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD!





AAAGH!



Then...

SORRY, BUD... BUT I'VE LEARNED TO STAY AWAY FROM THE BUSINESS END OF A SPEAR!



AS THE OTHER WARRIOR MAKES A SAVAGE RUSH...

POW!



TOM-- THIS PROVES THE ISLAND'S **SWARMING** WITH WARRIORS! WE'LL **NEVER** REMAIN UNDETECTED LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN WHAT'S GOING ON!

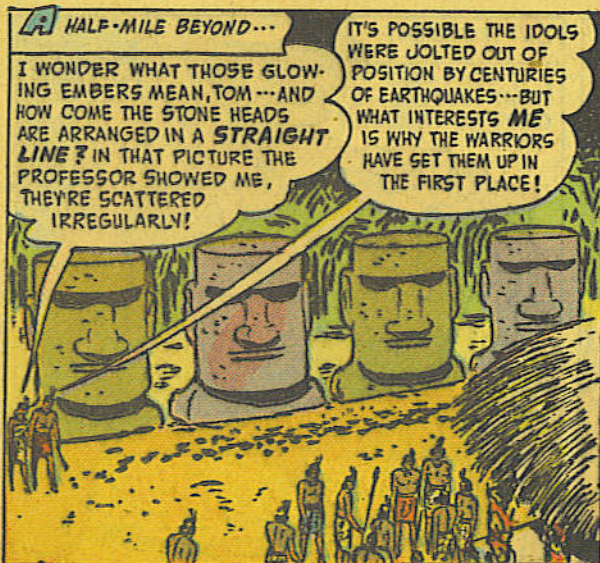
THERE'S **ONE** WAY TO DO IT, HONEY... **DISGUISE!** SLIP INTO THIS OUTFIT...AND I'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T DEVISE SOME KIND OF CRUDE MAKEUP!



MINUTES LATER...

THIS BARK MAKES A PERFECT STAIN, TOM! IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO SLIP INTO THE MAIN CAMP **NOW!**

THE **TIME MACHINE** ENABLES US TO UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE OF ANY PLACE WE VISIT...AND I PLAN TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT! THERE'S A BIGGER MYSTERY ABOUT THOSE STONE IDOLS THAN PROFESSOR BRICE SUSPECTED... **LET'S GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT!**



A HALF-MILE BEYOND...

I WONDER WHAT THOSE GLOWING EMBERS MEAN, TOM...AND HOW COME THE STONE HEADS ARE ARRANGED IN A **STRAIGHT LINE?** IN THAT PICTURE THE PROFESSOR SHOWED ME, THEY'RE SCATTERED IRREGULARLY!

IT'S POSSIBLE THE IDOLS WERE JOLTED OUT OF POSITION BY CENTURIES OF EARTHQUAKES...BUT WHAT INTERESTS **ME** IS WHY THE WARRIORS HAVE SET THEM UP IN THE FIRST PLACE!



TARAKO! TARAKO!

THE WARRIORS OF ROTUMA ARE READY TO SAIL, TARAKO!

DO YOU NOT THINK I BURN TO SEE OUR INVASION FLEET UNDER WAY? BUT WE MUST BE PATIENT... WE CANNOT LEAVE UNTIL WE HAVE MADE A SUITABLE SACRIFICE TO OUR GODS! UNTIL YOU HAVE A **BETTER** CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR COURAGE, YOU WILL MEET THE TEST OF ROTUMAN HEROES... **WITH THE FIRE MARCH!**



IT'S THE LEADING WARRIORS PRANCE WILDLY THROUGH THE SIZZLING COALS...

FORWARD... FORWARD! LET TARAKO SEE WHO THE COWARDS ARE... AND WEED THEM OUT WITH HIS OWN BLADE!



IN A JOSTLING SURGE OF FRENZY...

I DON'T KNOW WHO THESE ROTUMA ARE GETTING READY TO FIGHT... BUT I'M DEFINITELY **NOT** ON THE SIDE OF FANATICS LIKE THEM!

EEE-HOO!

HEAVENS... I'M BEING SEPARATED FROM TOM!



I'LL NEVER FIND HIM IN THIS THROG... AND I'M BEING **PRESSED FORWARD!**

NO...NO! I AM BRAVE ENOUGH IN BATTLE... BUT I CANNOT FACE THE FIRE ORDEAL AGAIN!



WITH THE RUSH OF AN AROUSED LEOPARD...

TARAKO... **MERCY! AARGH!**

THOSE WITHOUT COURAGE... **DIE!**



YOUR SWORD HAS SPOKEN WELL, TARAKO!

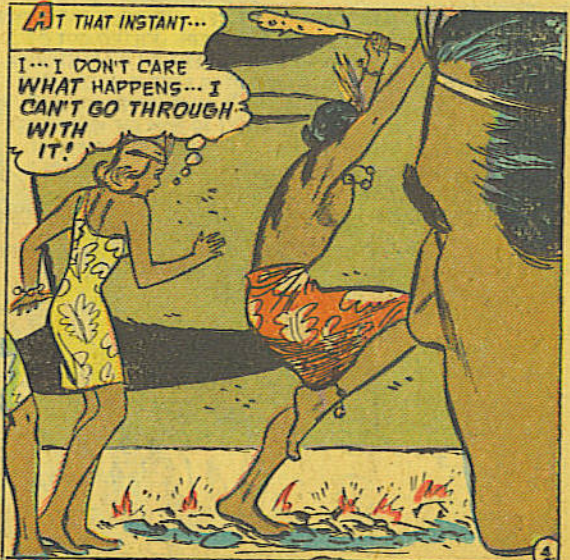
EEE-YAAA!

I WAS HOPING TO LEAD PEGGY AWAY FROM THE FIRE PIT, BUT SHE'S GONE... SHE'S BEEN SWEEPED FORWARD IN THE RUSH!



AT THAT INSTANT...

I... I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS... I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!



DOG! THE BLOOD OF ROTUMA IS
WASTED IN YOUR COWARDLY HEART
--- YOU HAVE LOST THE RIGHT TO
LIVE!



AH... WAIT! NO WARRIOR
EVER HAD EYES LIKE THESE
--- EYES SOFT AS HIBISCUS
PETALS! YOU'RE A
WOMAN!



Then... WITH PEGGY'S CRIES UNHEARD
ABOVE THE SAVAGE DIN...

YOU WOULD NOT
HAVE VENTURED TO
OUR INVASION STRONG-
HOLD ALONE... I
MUST LEARN WHO
BROUGHT YOU!



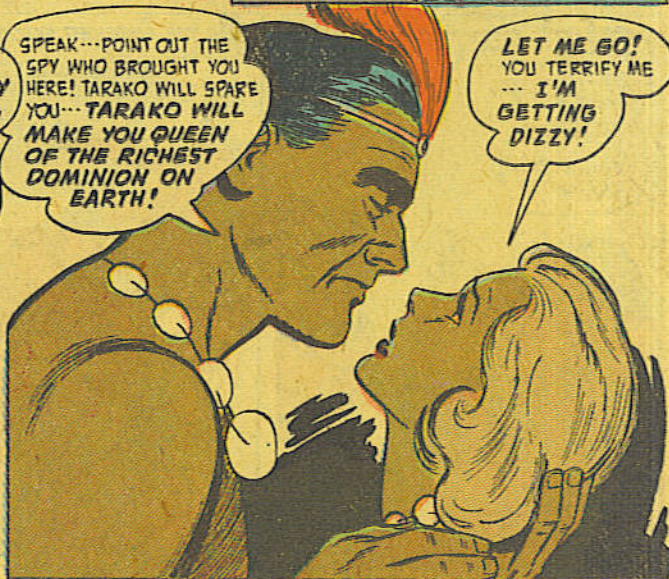
A MOMENT LATER...

I WON'T TELL YOU **ANYTHING!** I'VE SEEN YOU
AND YOUR WARRIORS
FOR WHAT YOU ARE...
CRUEL AND MERCILESS
KILLERS... AND I'D
RATHER **DIE** THAN
GIVE YOU ANOTHER
VICTIM!

PERHAPS YOU FIND IT
EASY ENOUGH TO OPPOSE
THE WILLS OF **ORDINARY**
MEN! BUT I AM TARAKO,
WAR CHIEF OF THE
ROTUMA FEDERATION
--- WHOSE MEREST WORD
IS LAW AMONG ALL THE
ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH-
ERN OCEAN!

SPEAK... POINT OUT THE
SPY WHO BROUGHT YOU
HERE! TARAKO WILL SPARE
YOU... **TARAKO WILL
MAKE YOU QUEEN
OF THE RICHEST
DOMINION ON
EARTH!**

LET ME GO!
YOU TERRIFY ME
--- I'M
GETTING
DIZZY!



I WON'T
TALK...
I WON'T!

TARAKO IS A **FIGHTER**...
HE DOES NOT VANQUISH
HIS ENEMIES BY FRIGHTEN-
ING WOMEN! YOU ARE
FEELING FAINT... DRINK
THIS... AND THEN GO
AS YOU PLEASE!

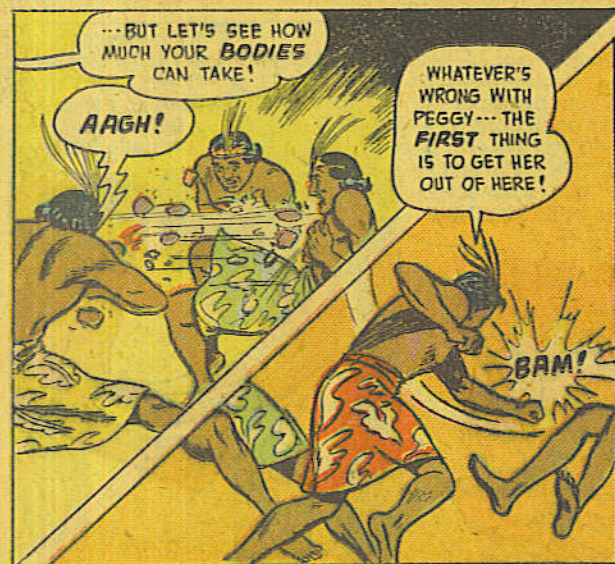
AS PEGGY DRAINS THE
CRYSTAL LIQUID...

IT **LOOKS** LIKE ORDINARY
WATER... BUT SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO ME! I'M NO
LONGER AFRAID... I'VE GOT
A FEELING I'M AROUND SOME-
ONE I CAN UNDERSTAND AND
TRUST...

...TARAKO!

THE HYPNOTIC POTION
HAS TAKEN EFFECT!
IT WILL LAST FOR AS
LONG AS I WISH...
A DAY... A YEAR...
BUT UNTIL THEN...







CLAIM HIM, TARAKO
...FOR THE GODS...
AND ME!



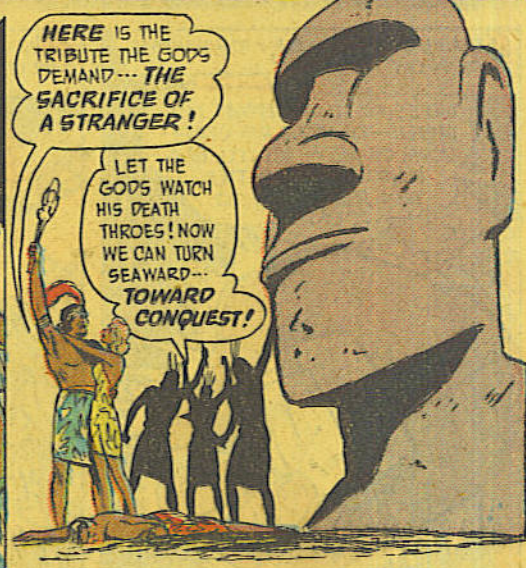
NOT SO EASY
...EH, BIG-
SHOT?



UNEXPECTEDLY...

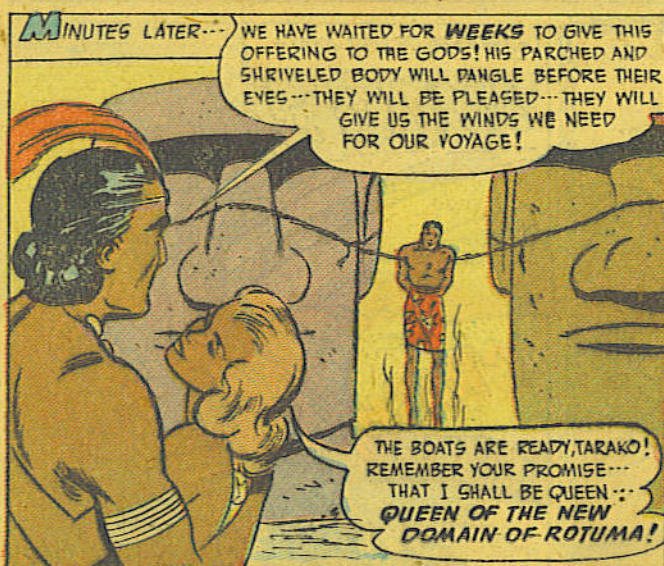
I AM A ROTUMA!
YOU WILL NOT MOLEST
TARAKO...AND
LIVE!

PEGGY...YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! FOR
PETE'S SAKE, LET GO...
THEY'RE CLOSING
IN!



HERE IS THE
TRIBUTE THE GODS
DEMAND... THE
SACRIFICE OF
A STRANGER!

LET THE
GODS WATCH
HIS DEATH
THROES! NOW
WE CAN TURN
SEAWARD...
TOWARD
CONQUEST!



MINUTES LATER...

WE HAVE WAITED FOR *WEEKS* TO GIVE THIS
OFFERING TO THE GODS! HIS PARCHED AND
SHRIVELED BODY WILL PANGLE BEFORE THEIR
EYES...THEY WILL BE PLEASED...THEY WILL
GIVE US THE WINDS WE NEED
FOR OUR VOYAGE!

THE BOATS ARE READY, TARAKO!
REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE...
THAT I SHALL BE QUEEN...
QUEEN OF THE NEW
DOMAIN OF ROTUMA!



YES...WE SHALL REIGN
TOGETHER! WARRIORS,
BEND TO YOUR OARS...
THE GODS HAVE
BEEN SATISFIED!

AS THE LONG, RHYTHMIC STROKES SEND THE CANOES
CLEAVING SEAWARD...

THEY **COULD** HAVE KILLED ME
OUTRIGHT...BUT THIS IS EVEN
WORSE! THE HEAT AND FUMES WILL
FINISH ME OFF WITHIN A FEW MINUTES
...AND **THEN** I'LL BE EXACTLY WHAT
TARAKO PREDICTED...A DRIED-OUT
MUMMY SWAYING IN THE
BREEZE UNTIL THE
ROPE'S
ROT!

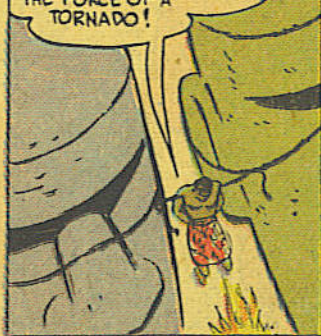


WITH THE AGONIZING
MINUTES CREEPING BY...

NOTHING CAN SAVE
ME NOW...NOTHING SHORT
OF THE EARTHQUAKE I
TOLD PEGGY HAD MADE
THESE IDOLS SHIFT...
**AND MIRACLES
DON'T HAPPEN!**

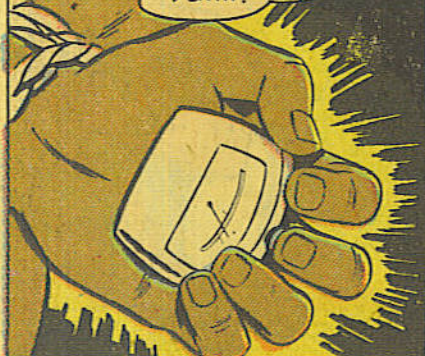


GOOD GOSH...**THE ELEC-
TRONIC SPACESHIP CON-
TROL**...I'VE GOT IT HIDDEN
UNDER THIS NATIVE TUNIC! IT
CAN'T MAKE THE SPACESHIP
MOVE...BUT THE BLAST
FANNING FROM THE TURBO-
JETS WILL HIT A SMALL
ISLAND LIKE THIS WITH
THE FORCE OF A
TORNADO!



STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE...TOM MANAGES
TO DRAW OUT THE DEVICE!

THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** WILL
HAPPEN...THE IDOLS MAY CRASH
DOWN ON **ME**...BUT IT'LL BE A
HUNDRED TIMES BETTER
THAN **ROASTING** TO
DEATH!

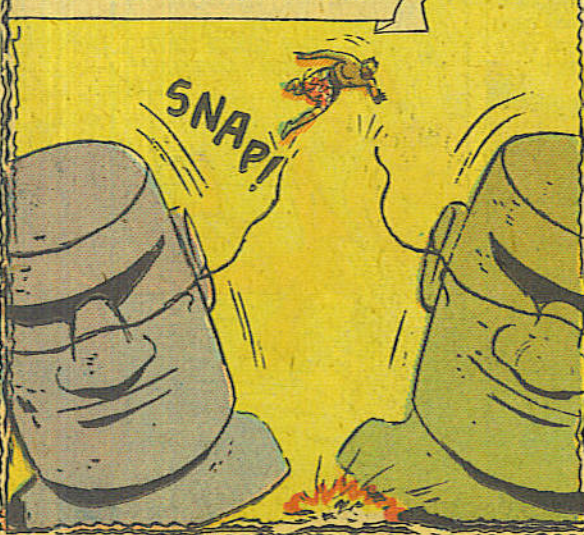


AN INSTANT LATER...AS THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF THE SPACE-
SHIP IS UNPENT...



HERE IT COMES...
**A WALL OF AIR
MOVING AT TWO
HUNDRED MILES
AN HOUR!**

THEN...LIKE A FEATHER IN A GALE...

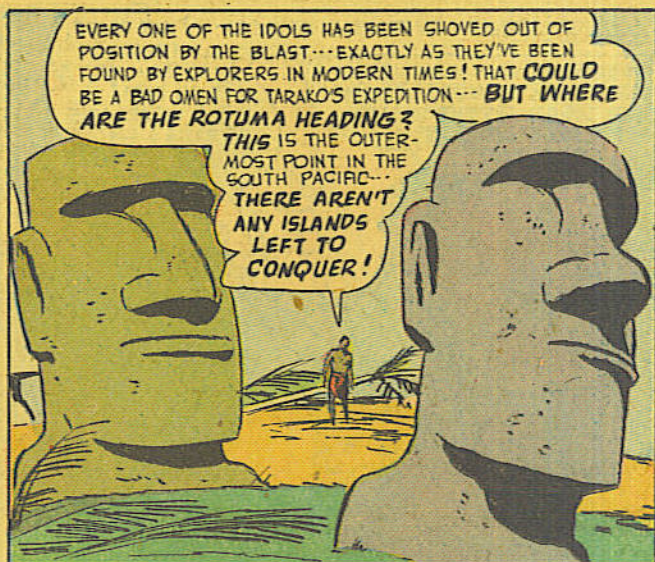


HUNDREDS OF FEET AWAY...





THANK GOSH I
CAN SWITCH THE
TURBO-JETS OFF
...OR I'D BE
BLOWN CLEAR
OUT TO SEA!



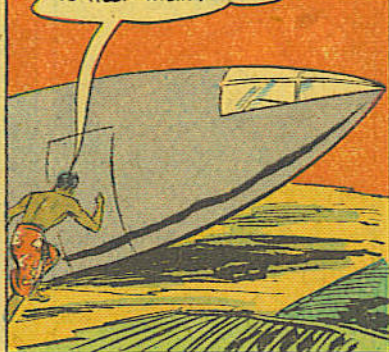
EVERY ONE OF THE IDOLS HAS BEEN SHOVED OUT OF
POSITION BY THE BLAST... EXACTLY AS THEY'VE BEEN
FOUND BY EXPLORERS IN MODERN TIMES! THAT **COULD**
BE A BAD OMEN FOR TARAKO'S EXPEDITION... **BUT WHERE**
ARE THE ROTUMA HEADING?

THIS IS THE OUTER-
MOST POINT IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC...
THERE AREN'T
ANY ISLANDS
LEFT TO
CONQUER!

BUT SUPPOSE THEY'RE NOT INVADING
AN ISLAND? PEGGY MENTIONED A
DOMAIN... AND THOSE IDOLS THAT
WERE SUPPOSED TO WATCH OVER THE
VOYAGE ARE ALL STARING **NORTH-
EAST--TOWARD THE INCA
EMPIRE OF PERU!**



EVEN AT LOW SPEED, I'D BE MOVING AT
A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR... AND
THAT'S FAR TOO FAST TO MANEUVER
AGAINST THE WAR CANOES IN MID-
OCEAN! BUT IF I REACH CUZCO, THE
INCA TREASURE CITY, **BEFORE**
THE ROTUMA ARRIVE... THE INCA
MAY NOT BELIEVE I'VE COME
TO HELP THEM!



AS THE SPACESHIP ROARS INTO THE
ASTRAL VOID...

I FIGURE THE ROTUMAN FLEET WILL
NEED THREE WEEKS TO REACH THE
PERUVIAN COAST... AND ANOTHER
FOUR DAYS FOR THE MARCH INLAND
TO CUZCO! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE...
**AND SET THE TIME
MACHINE TWENTY-
FIVE DAYS
AHEAD!**

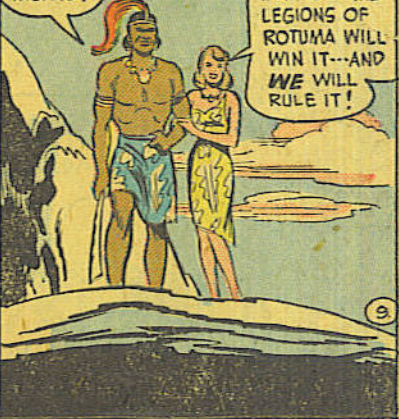


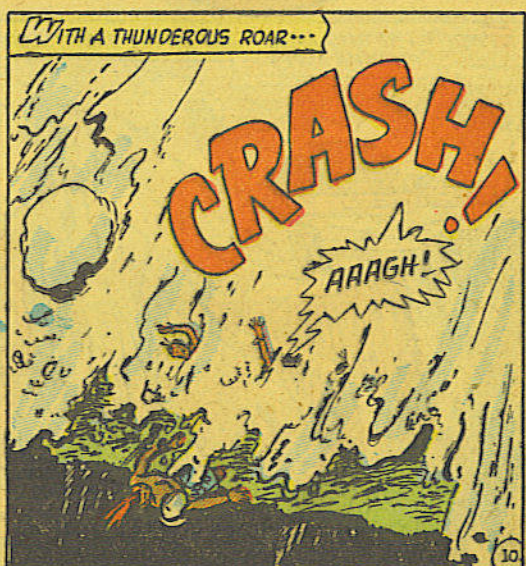
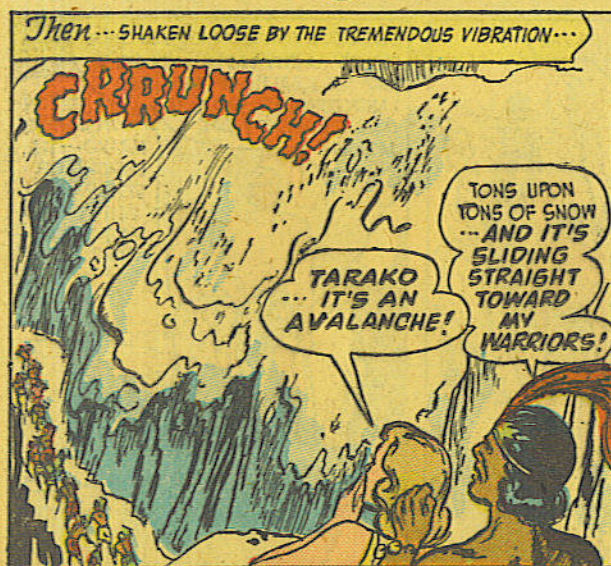
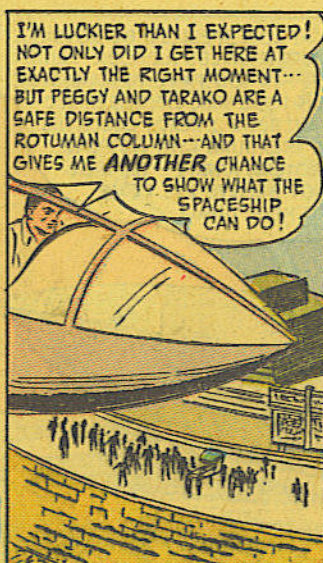
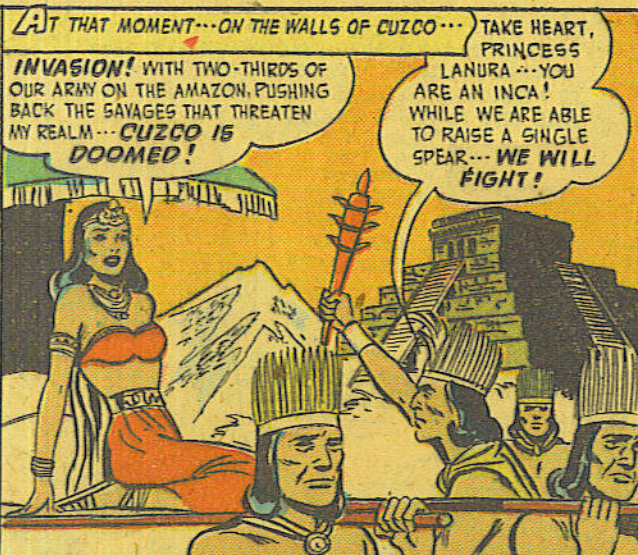
TWENTY-FIVE DAYS AHEAD... AND ON THE SNOWY SLOPES OF THE
PERUVIAN ANDES...

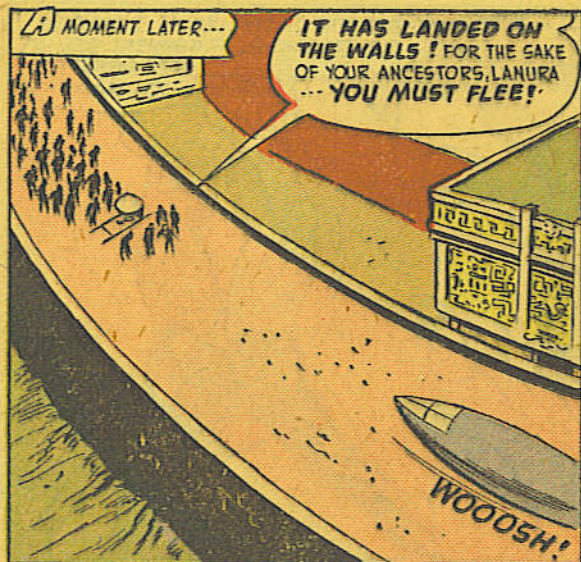


CUZCO! A HUNDRED THOUSAND INCA
SLAVES... A CITY LADEN WITH GOLD
AND THE WEALTH OF THE LOW-
LAND JUNGLES... DO YOU
REALIZE WHAT **THAT**
MEANS?

YES! IT'S
AN EMPIRE,
TARAKO... THE
LEGIONS OF
ROTUMA WILL
WIN IT... AND
WE WILL
RULE IT!





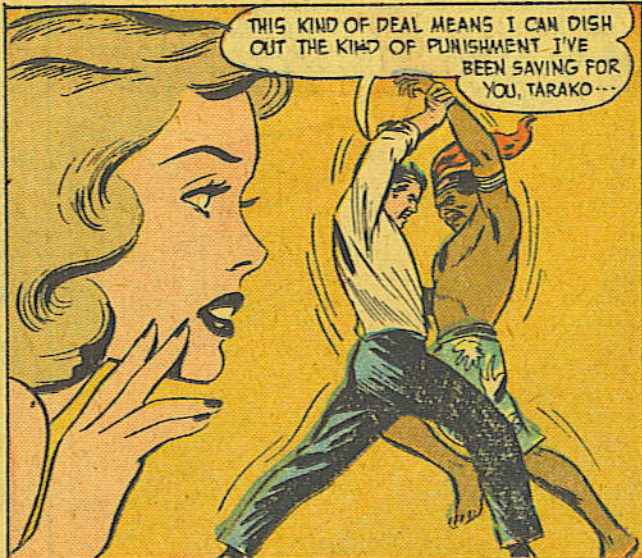




DOG! THE GODS DECREED YOUR ESCAPE...GO THAT YOU WOULD DIE AT TARAKO'S HANDS!

YOUR HANDS, EH? OK,, RAT...YOU WON'T NEED A SWORD!

WAM!



THIS KIND OF DEAL MEANS I CAN DISH OUT THE KIND OF PUNISHMENT I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YOU, TARAKO...



...WITH NO WEAPON BUT MY BARE FISTS!

T.T.



POW!



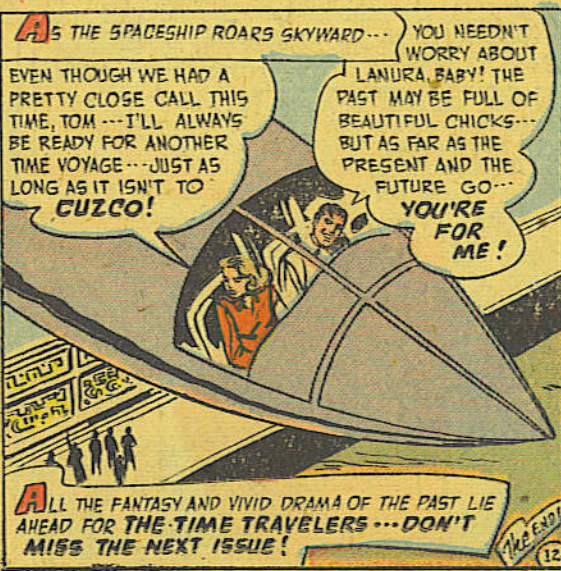
YOU SEE THOSE ROCKS DOWN THERE, TARAKO? THERE'S WHERE YOUR CARCASS IS GOING TO LAND IN EXACTLY FIVE SECONDS...UNLESS YOU GET PEGGY OUT OF THAT HYPNOTIC TRANCE!

WAIT... THIS POWDER WILL RESTORE HER! SPARE ME AND MY SURVIVING WARRIORS... AND WE WILL RETURN PEACEFULLY TO OUR ISLANDS!

MINUTES LATER......WITH THE DEFEATED ROTUMANS IN A STRAGGLING RETREAT...

TOM, DARLING...THERE'S NO USE EXPLAINING I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN I SIDED WITH TARAKO! IT'S SOMETHING I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND... BECAUSE I LOVE YOU!

IT IS HARD TO BE CHEATED BY HISTORY, DR. REDFIELD! WE MET...WE EMBRACED...BUT I'M AFRAID IT WAS TWELVE CENTURIES TOO LATE!



AS THE SPACESHIP ROARS SKYWARD...

EVEN THOUGH WE HAD A PRETTY CLOSE CALL THIS TIME, TOM...I'LL ALWAYS BE READY FOR ANOTHER TIME VOYAGE...JUST AS LONG AS IT ISN'T TO CUZCO!

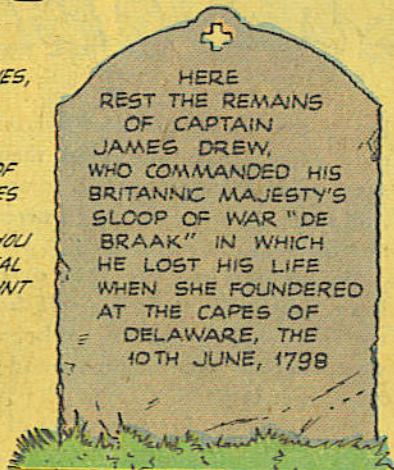
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT LANURA, BABY! THE PAST MAY BE FULL OF BEAUTIFUL CHICKS... BUT AS FAR AS THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE GO... YOU'RE FOR ME!

ALL THE FANTASY AND VIVID DRAMA OF THE PAST LIE AHEAD FOR THE TIME TRAVELERS...DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE!

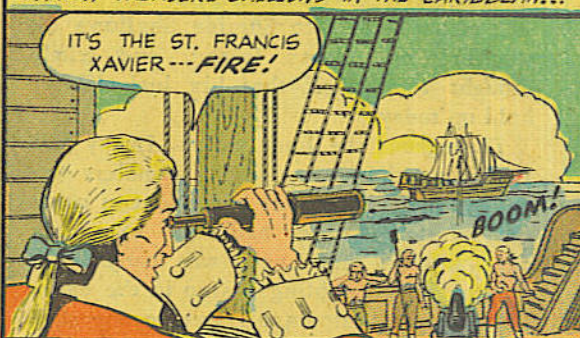
THE END!
12

A Fortune for YOU!

IF YOU VISIT THE LITTLE TOWN OF LEWES, DELAWARE, DON'T MISS THE MODEST MONUMENT OF CAPTAIN JAMES DREW---FOR IT MAY SET YOU OFF ON A REAL TREASURE HUNT THAT COULD MEAN A FORTUNE FOR YOU!

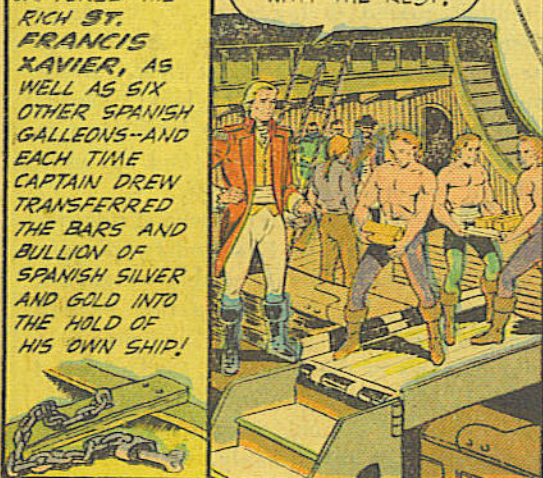


BEHIND THAT MONUMENT LIES THE TALE OF A FABULOUS TREASURE CAPTURED BY THE DE BRAAK, THE FAMOUS BRITISH FRIGATE WHICH DREW COMMANDED! THE SHIP HAD PHENOMENAL LUCK AGAINST THE SPANISH TREASURE GALLEONS IN THE CARIBBEAN...



THE DE BRAAK DEFEATED AND CAPTURED THE RICH ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, AS WELL AS SIX OTHER SPANISH GALLEONS--AND EACH TIME CAPTAIN DREW TRANSFERRED THE BARS AND BULLION OF SPANISH SILVER AND GOLD INTO THE HOLD OF HIS OWN SHIP!

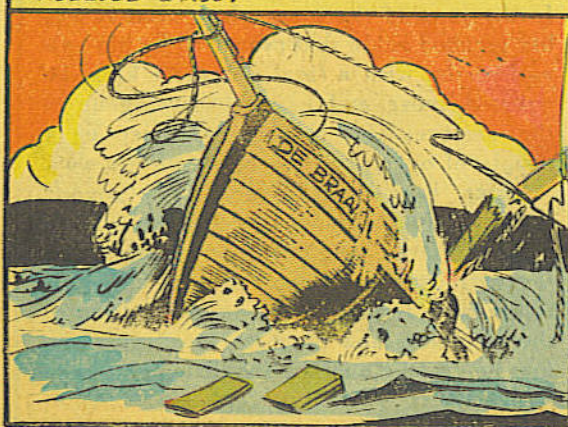
STEP LIVELY NOW
---STORE THIS LOAD
WITH THE REST!



WITH OVER \$15,000,000 IN THE HOLD, AND 215 SPANISH PRISONERS IN IRONS, THE DE BRAAK MADE FOR PORT...BUT IN THE LEE OF CAPE HENLOPEN, DELAWARE, A SUDDEN, TERRIFIC SQUALL OVERTURNED THE SHIP JUST AS SHE WAS ABOUT TO CAST ANCHOR IN OLD KILN ROADS!



WITH THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF THE BULLION WEIGHING HER DOWN, THE SHIP WENT TO THE BOTTOM IN 14 FATHOMS OF WATER---TAKING WITH HER THE 215 SHACKLED SPANIARDS AS WELL AS THE FABULOUS CARGO!



UNNUMERABLE ATTEMPTS TO SALVAGE THE TREASURE HAVE BEEN MADE...BUT THE TRICKY TIDES AND CURRENTS BALKED ALL THE FORTUNE HUNTERS! AND SO THERE IT STILL LIES IN THE MUD, NOT OVER 14 FATHOMS DEEP AND JUST ONE MILE OFF LEWES--A 15 MILLION DOLLAR FORTUNE JUST WAITING FOR A MODERN-DAY SOLDIER OF FORTUNE! WILL THE LUCKY ONE BE YOU, READER?



UNDERWATER

MONSTER

LUCKY LAWSON EASED his small motor boat into Suicide Shallows off Maumari on Flores Island, and grimly thought to himself that his luck *had* to hold up today.

Throughout the East Indies, Lucky was known as that rarity among gamblers---an honest man who almost never lost at cards or roulette. Things had come to such a pass finally, that Lucky was barred from almost every gambling casino in the entire Indonesian Archipelago. But no one shed any tears for him, for all believed that he was fabulously wealthy.

He wasn't, though. Lucky's heart was as large as his luck---and quietly, unobtrusively, he had given away all his winnings over the years to those whom the goddess of fortune hadn't smiled upon. Small planters whose farms had been ruined by drought or flood, ship captains who had lost their ships and fortunes in storms at sea, unlucky gamblers who had foolishly lost their homes and possessions in crooked games---all these unfortunates had been befriended by Lucky to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars. And now, when Lucky himself needed money urgently---he was dead broke.

Only yesterday, Lucky had called at the home of Allura, his sweetheart on nearby Solor Island---only to be told by her tearful parents that she had been kidnaped by bandits who demanded a fabulous ransom price from Lucky. Desperately, Lucky had made the rounds of the casinos, but had found no one who would gamble against him.

It was then that Lucky had thought of Suicide Shallows, the fabulously rich pearl beds which had cost the lives of dozens of divers. The ancients on the islands told of the time almost a century ago when those shallows had yielded baskets upon baskets of flawless pearls---but then, long before the beds could have been thoroughly exploited, diving operations practically ceased, because the divers stopped coming up from the shallows. No one knew what deadly peril existed there

below the water, but whoever tried to find out, even those who clad themselves in steel diving suits, never came up again. And soon, no one ever dared dive into those shallows again---until now!

Having reached the spot over the shallows, Lucky smeared himself from head to toe with heavy grease to keep his body warm in the cool depths---and then dove in, dagger in hand.

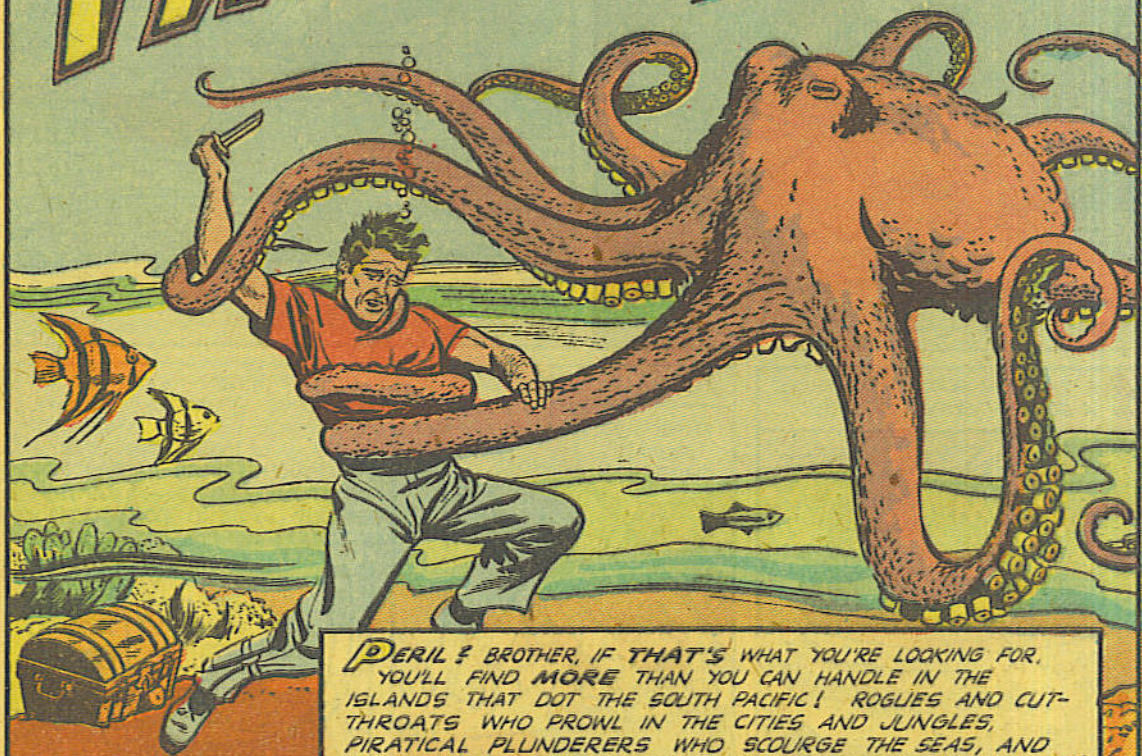
Down, down he swam, until the water became bluish purple. Then, as he was parting the sea plants at the bottom to get at the oyster shells, he saw bones of humans, grinning skulls, and even a few incredibly rusted diving suits. Staring at them, Lucky touched bottom---or at least he thought it was bottom, at first. But a sudden sixth sense---his lucky sense, perhaps---made him suddenly look down at where his feet had touched, and his eyes dilated in horror.

Below him was an enormous *Tridacna*, the giant clam of the East Indies---a monster whose shell alone probably weighed a thousand pounds. Realizing that he had stepped right into the open, and now fast closing jaws of the *Tridacna*, Lucky kicked upward. He freed one foot, but the other was caught at the ankle---and the pressure was increasing relentlessly.

Desperately, Lucky bent down and slashed at the mass of the pulpy monster inside the shell, knowing that unless he freed himself within a few seconds, he would die as all the others had died---held and caught in the jaws of the giant clam. But it was his greased ankle that proved to be his salvation---for with a final desperate kick, he wrested loose and began swimming up to the surface, remembering to sweep up a couple of oysters in his hands on his way.

Later, back in his boat, Lucky grinned at the perfect, flawless pearls the oysters had contained. And now that he knew what the peril was and *where* it was, he would return with iron crowbars to steal down to the *Tridacna* and prop its jaws open---so that he could plumb the fabulous pearl beds in safety.

TYPHOON TYLER



PERIL! BROTHER, IF **THAT'S** WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, YOU'LL FIND **MORE** THAN YOU CAN HANDLE IN THE ISLANDS THAT DOT THE SOUTH PACIFIC! ROGUES AND CUT-THROATS WHO PROWL IN THE CITIES AND JUNGLES, PIRATICAL PLUNDERERS WHO SCOURGE THE SEAS, AND MONSTROUS DENIZENS OF THE DEEP BELOW THE WATERS! THEY'RE MORE THAN **ANY** MAN CAN TACKLE---UNLESS THAT MAN'S NAME HAPPENS TO BE **TYPHOON TYLER**, WHO'S OUTFOUGHT THEM ALL!

BLAST IT ALL, TYPHOON---I STILL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY FOR HAVING BELIEVED THAT SARI DAME'S STORY ABOUT **PIRATES** TAKING OVER HER

VILLAGE ON BALABAK ISLAND! THOSE THINGS DON'T HAPPEN ANYMORE---SHE'S JUST TAKING **US** FOR A RIDE!

WELL, CHARLIE, MAYBE I **AM** CRAZY--- ABOUT **HER!** THERE'S BALABAK AHEAD, SARI--- NOW WHERE ARE THOSE PIRATES YOU SPOKE OF?

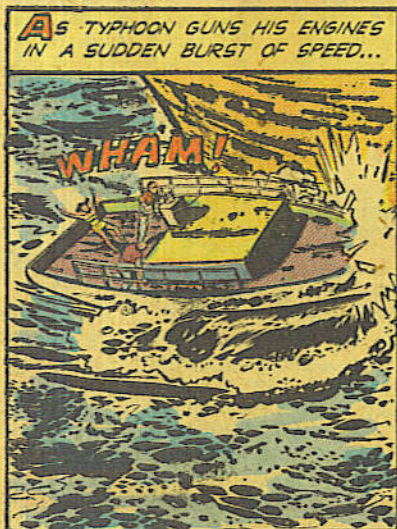
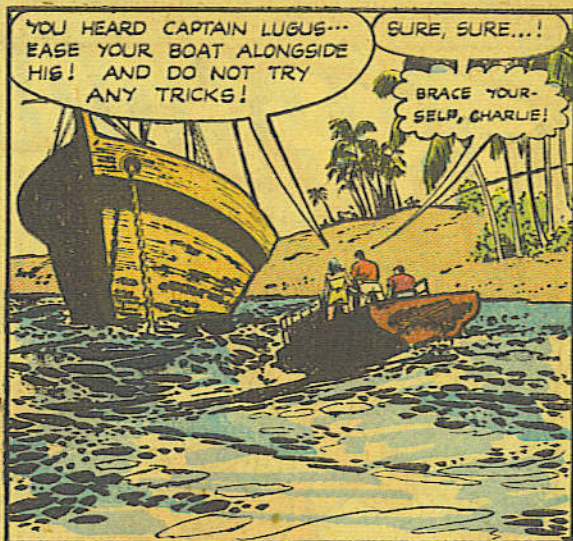
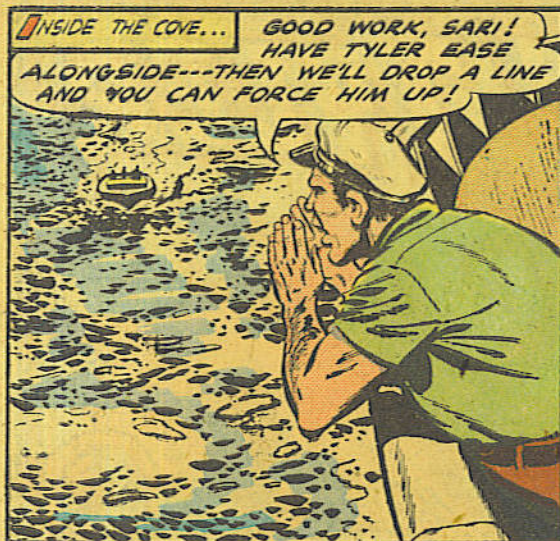


YOU WILL FIND THEM BEHIND THAT PALM-FRINGED COVE STRAIGHT AHEAD! THEY ARE **WAITING** FOR YOU--- SO DO NOT DISAPPOINT THEM, OR YOU **DIE!**

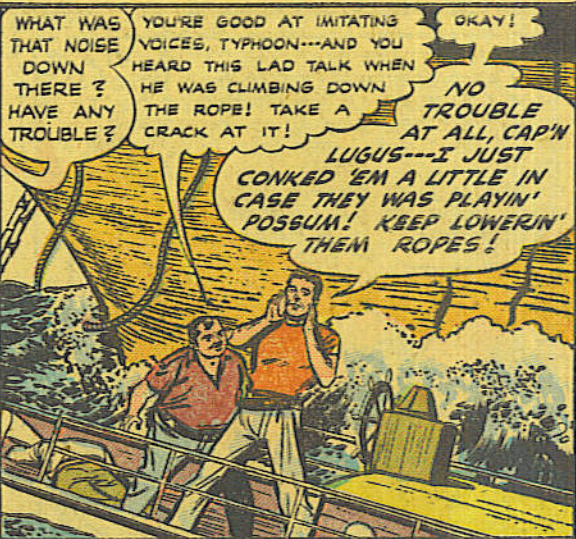
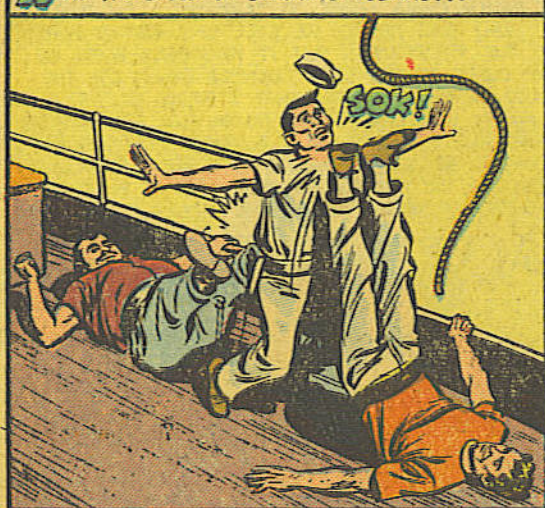
WHA---! OH, OH--- LOOKS AS IF YOU WERE RIGHT, CHARLIE!

YEAH, BUT SHE'S GOT THE DROP ON **US---** BETTER DO AS SHE SAYS, TYPHOON!





WITH THE SPEED OF STRIKING COBRAS...



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE DOWN THERE? HAVE ANY TROUBLE?

YOU'RE GOOD AT IMITATING VOICES, TYPHOON---AND YOU HEARD THIS LAD TALK WHEN HE WAS CLIMBING DOWN THE ROPE! TAKE A CRACK AT IT!

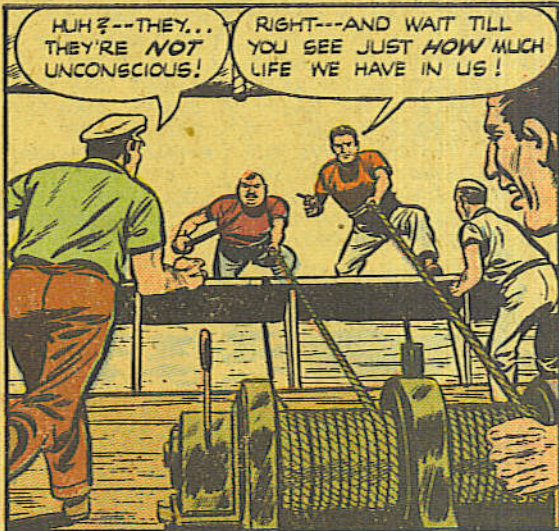
OKAY!

NO TROUBLE AT ALL, CAP'N LUGUS---I JUST CONKED 'EM A LITTLE IN CASE THEY WAS PLAYIN' POSSUM! KEEP LOWERIN' THEM ROPES!



OKAY, I TIED TYPHOON AN' HIS PAL TO THE ROPES---START HAULIN' AWAY!

START THAT WINCH UP, MEN!



HUH?--THEY... THEY'RE NOT UNCONSCIOUS!

RIGHT---AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE JUST HOW MUCH LIFE WE HAVE IN US!



I'LL GET 'EM--- AARGHH!

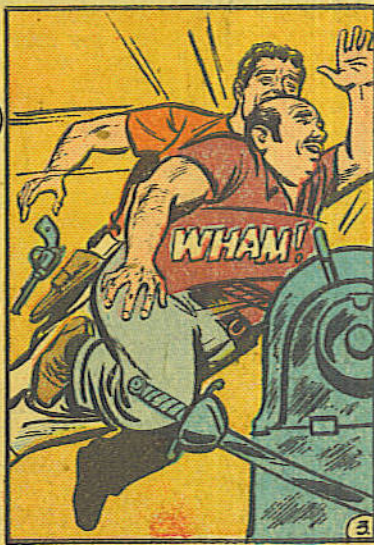
THAT'S IT, TYPHOON ---BLAST 'EM DOWN ---WHILE I CUT 'EM TO PIECES!



I...I MISSED ---AND THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!

THAT'S BECAUSE THE WINCH IS STILL PULLING US FORWARD, CHARLIE! CUT OUR ROPES--- QUICK!

YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE ---BECAUSE WHEN I THROW THE WINCH'S CONTROL LEVER INTO FULL SPEED---



WHAM!

LATER, WITH TYPHOON AND CHARLIE HELPLESS PRISONERS

ONLY TYPHOON TYLER COULD HAVE PUT UP SUCH A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS---JUST AS ONLY TYPHOON TYLER CAN BRING UP THAT TREASURE CHEST FROM THE GREAT DANGER BANKS! THAT'S WHY I SENT SARI HERE OUT TO ALL YOUR KNOWN HAUNTS IN THE INDIES, TYLER--WITH ORDERS TO LURE YOU HERE WHENEVER SHE FOUND YOU!

WHAT TREASURE CHEST, SNAKE?



THOSE GEMS WOULD BUY ME A WHOLE FLEET OF PIRATE BOATS---ENOUGH TO PLUNDER ALL THE SLOW-MOVING, RICHLY-LADEN SHIPS IN THE EAST INDIES! SO I DECIDED TO KILL THE CHINAMAN, BUT THE BLASTED FOOL PUT UP A STRUGGLE---AND THREW THE CHEST OVERBOARD JUST BEFORE HE DIED!

WELL, WHY DO YOU NEED ME TO GET THE CHEST UP? THE GREAT DANGER BANKS ARE SHALLOW ENOUGH---ANYONE COULD GET INTO A DIVING SUIT AND RETRIEVE THE TREASURE!



ALL RIGHT, LUGUS, I'LL DIVE FOR YOUR TREASURE---ON ONE CONDITION! I WANT MY FRIEND CHARLIE HERE TO FASTEN ME INTO MY SUIT AND HANDLE MY LINES AFTER I'VE SUBMERGED---HE'S EXPERIENCED AT THAT JOB, AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR BUNGLERS MESSING WITH IT!

YOUR CONDITION IS ACCEPTED! HOIST SAIL---HEAD FOR THE GREAT DANGER BANKS!



I'LL EXPLAIN! LAST MONTH I RAN THE BLOCKADE OF THE SOUTH CHINA COAST TO TAKE ON A CHINESE RED, WHO WAS PAYING ME WELL TO SMUGGLE HIM INTO THE PHILIPPINES! BUT IT WAS ONLY WHEN WE WERE CLOSE TO THE GREAT DANGER BANKS OFF THE ISLAND OF BALABAK HERE THAT I FOUND OUT THE CHINAMAN WAS CARRYING A TRUNK FULL OF DIAMONDS, RUBIES AND EMERALDS---A RAJAH'S FORTUNE! IT WAS TO BE USED IN PAYING FOR RED SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES IN THE PHILIPPINES---BUT I HAD DIFFERENT IDEAS ABOUT THE TREASURE!



THINK SO? I'VE ALREADY LOST SEVEN GOOD MEN WHO TRIED TO DO THAT VERY THING! YOU SEE, THE CHEST WAS DROPPED RIGHT INTO THE LAIR OF A GIANT OCTOPUS---AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE SOUTH SEAS WHO'S FOUGHT OCTOPI AND LIVED! SO YOU'LL EITHER FIGHT THIS ONE AND GET THAT CHEST UP---OR YOU AND YOUR FAT FRIEND DIE!

HMM, I'M BEGINNING TO SEE A WAY OUT OF THIS SCRAPE!



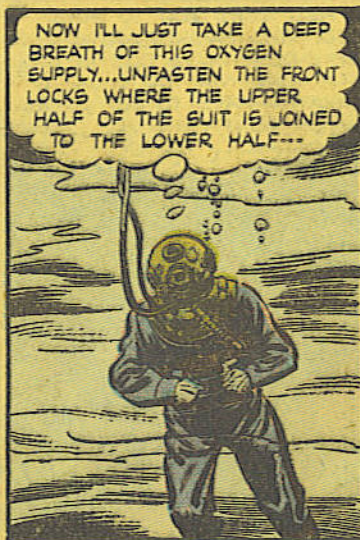
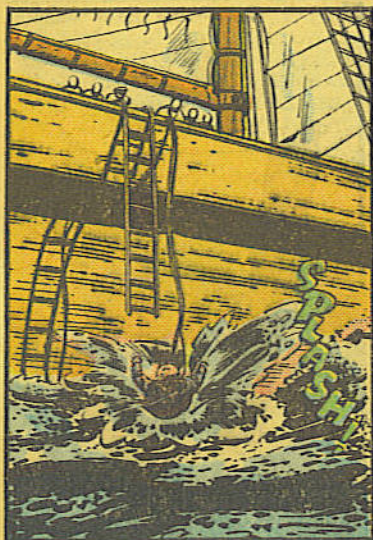
NEXT DAY, AT THE GREAT DANGER BANKS OFF BALABAK ISLAND...

CHARLIE, DON'T FASTEN THE REAR LOCKS IN BACK OF THE SUIT! I CAN REACH THE FRONT LOCKS MYSELF---AND I MAY WANT OUT IN A HURRY!

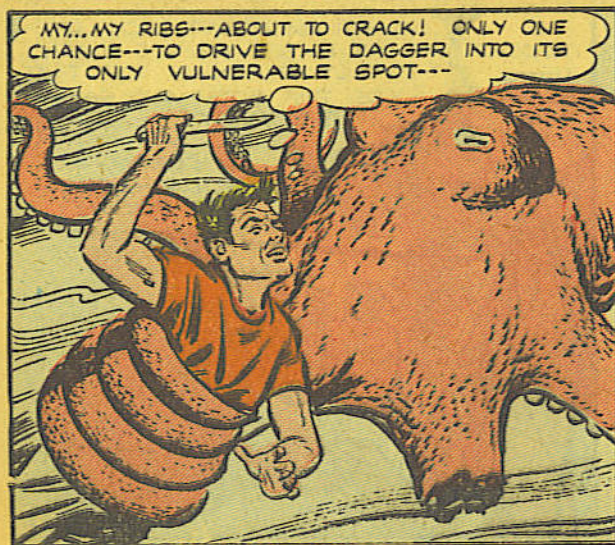
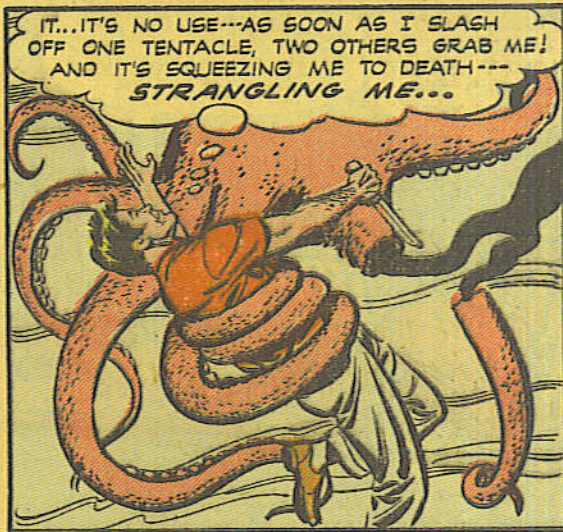
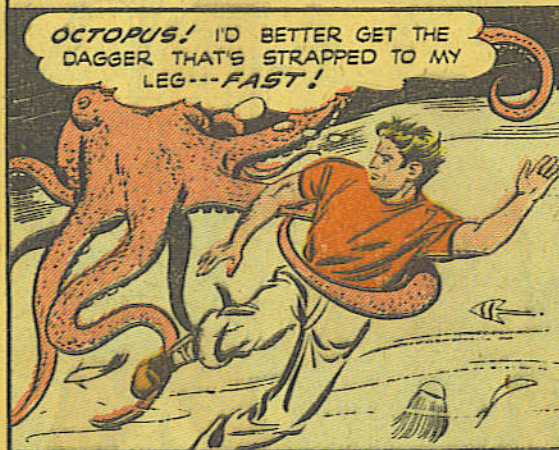
GOT YOU, CHUM!

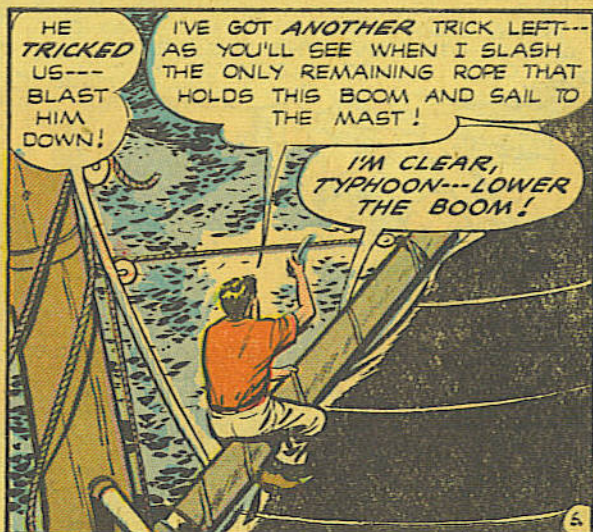
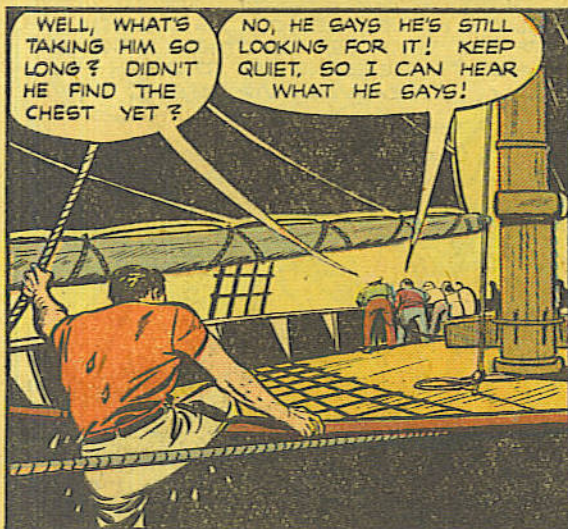
LET'S GO---WE'RE RIGHT OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE CHEST WAS DROPPED!

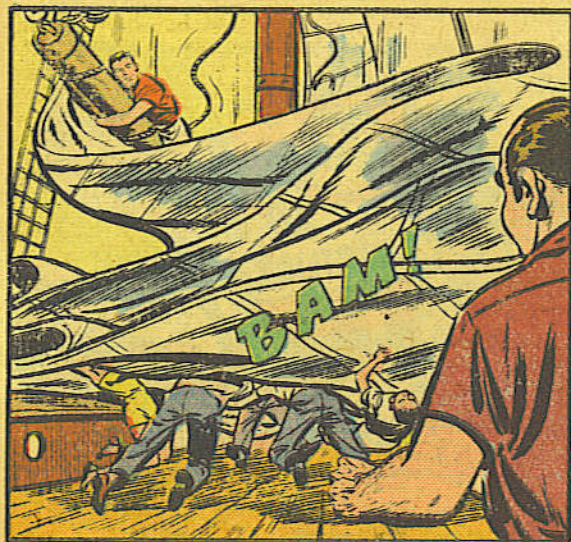




BUT AS TYPHOON STARTS TO SWIM AWAY, FROM OUT OF THE BRINY DEEPS COMES A SLIMY, CLUTCHING TENTACLE...







COME ON, CHARLIE---
LET'S POLISH 'EM OFF
WHILE THEY'RE STILL
SWAMPED UNDER
THE WEIGHT OF
THE SAIL!

IM RIGHT WITH YOU,
CHUM---BUT SOME OF
THOSE SWAMP-RATS
BACK THERE ARE
BEGINNING TO CUT
THEIR WAY OUT!



WELL, LET'S START
DOING A LITTLE
CUTTING UP OF OUR
OWN, CHARLIE!

BLAST
YOU
BOTH---
I'LL KILL
YOU FOR
THIS!



YEAH--I
ALMOST
DIED
LAUGHIN'
AT WHAT
YOU
JUST
SAID!

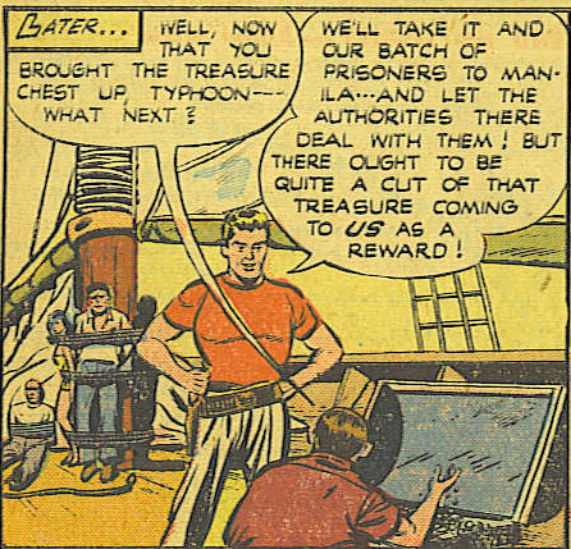
OWWWW!

GOOD
WORK,
CHARLIE
---NOW
I'LL
TAKE
OVER!



JUST WHAT
YOU NEEDED,
LUGS---HEELS
FOR A
HEEL!

UGH!



LATER...

WELL, NOW
THAT YOU
BROUGHT THE TREASURE
CHEST UP, TYPHOON---
WHAT NEXT?

WE'LL TAKE IT AND
OUR BATCH OF
PRISONERS TO MAN-
ILA---AND LET THE
AUTHORITIES THERE
DEAL WITH THEM! BUT
THERE OUGHT TO BE
QUITE A CUT OF THAT
TREASURE COMING
TO US AS A
REWARD!



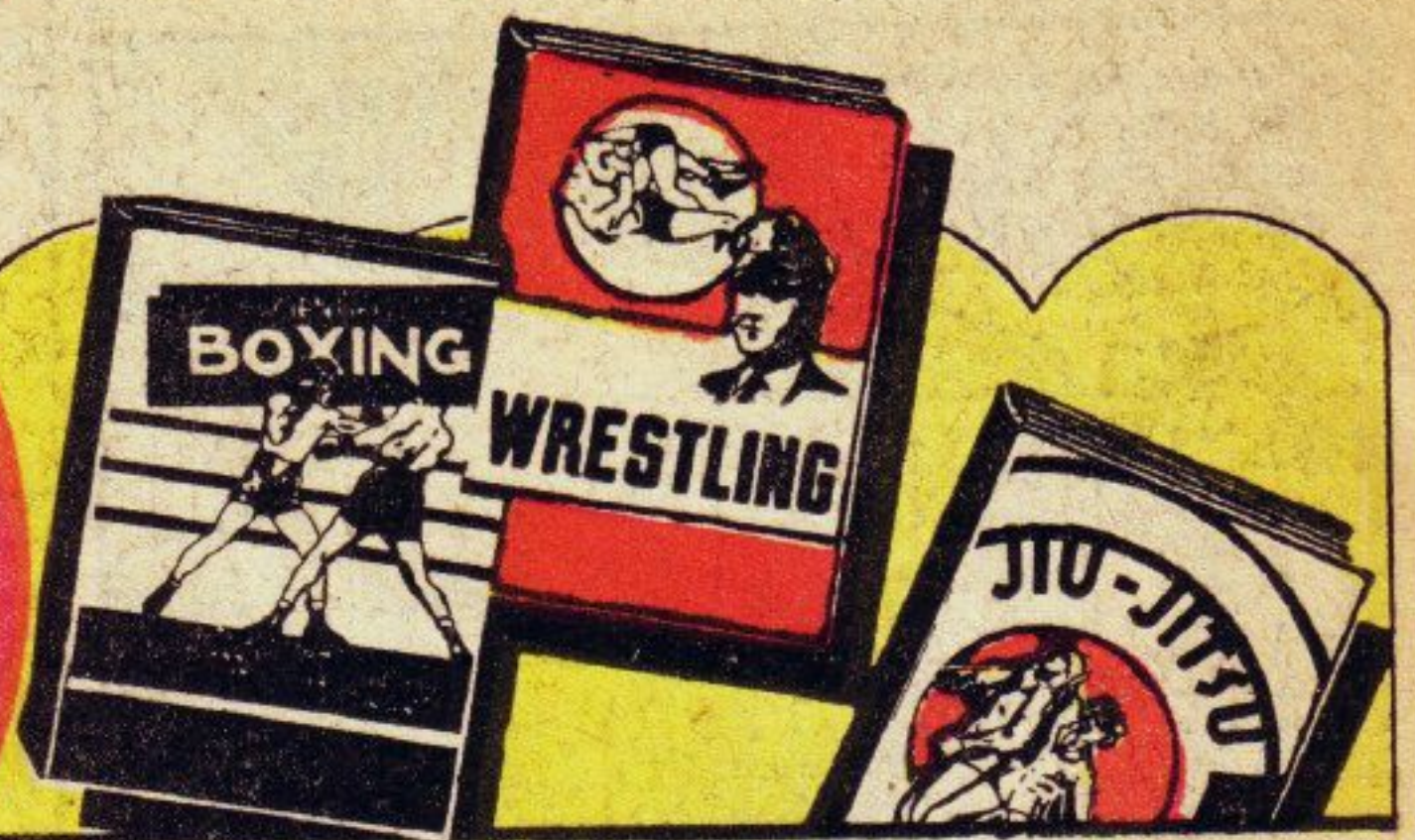
YEAH, BUT I'LL BET MY
SHARE AGAINST YOURS
THAT YOU'LL FALL FOR
THE NEXT PRETTY DAME
WHO COMES ALONG
AND TRIES TO LURE
US INTO MORE
TROUBLE!

SORRY, CHARLIE,
I WON'T TAKE
THAT BET! YOU
KNOW I CAN'T
RESIST GIRLS---
OR TROUBLE!

AND TYPHOON TYLER HAS HIS HANDS FULL WITH
BOTH-- IN OUR NEXT SLASHING,
SMASHING ISSUE!

THE END

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MASTER
not the slave!
Defend



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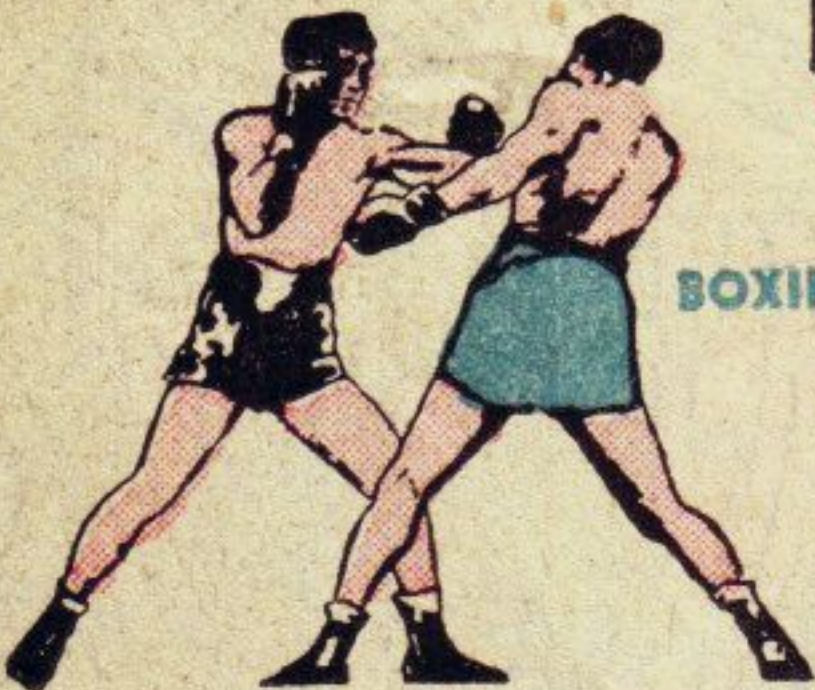
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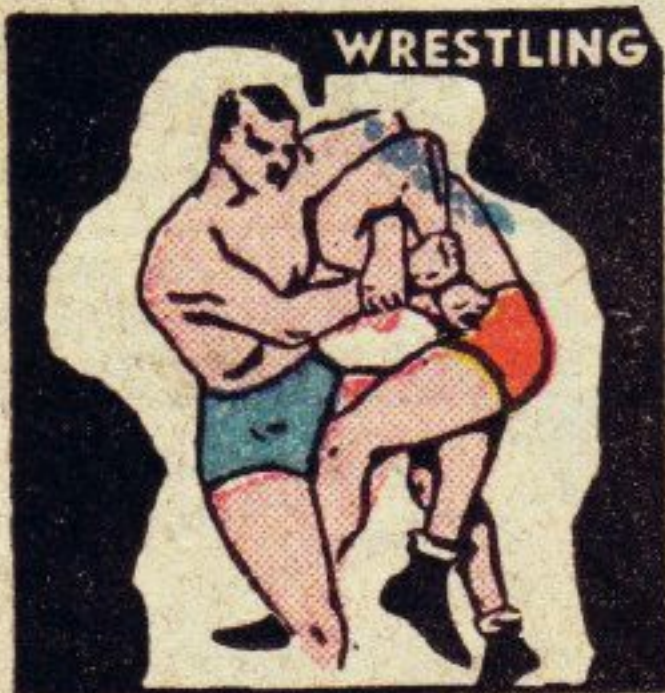
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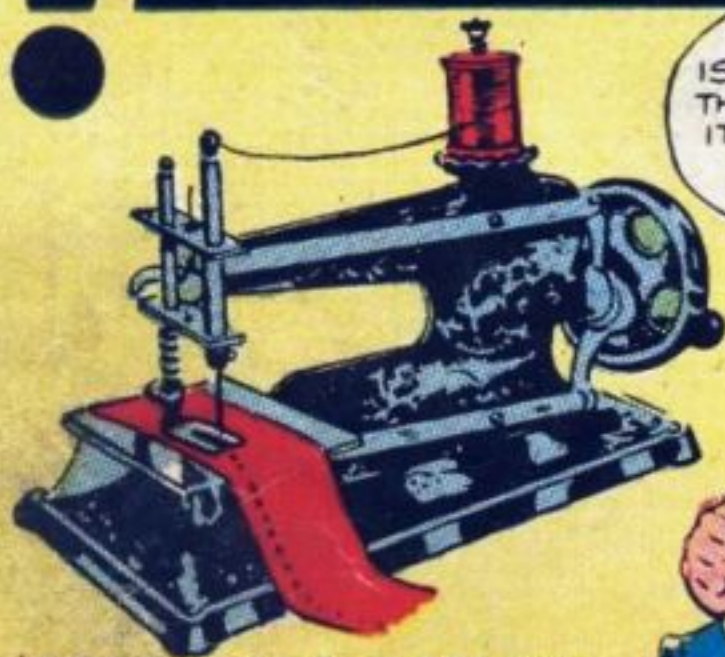
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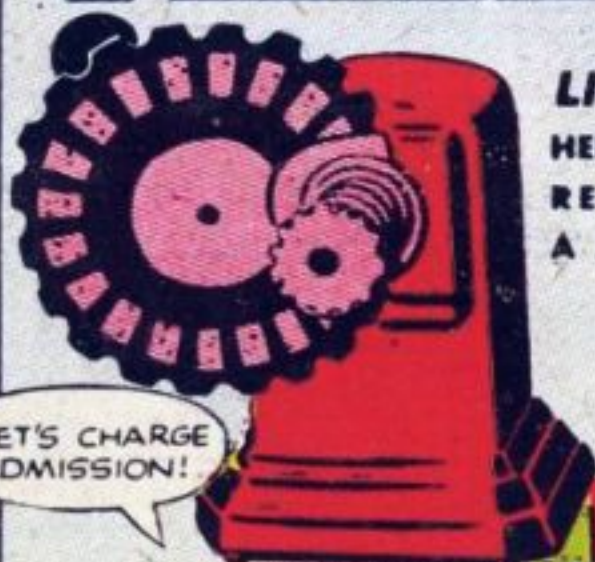
I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

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